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No. 33.—VOL. III.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1893.

SIXPENCE.
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A CHAT WITH HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The last time that I had the pleasure of meeting the popular manager of the Haymarket Theatre in London, fatally fascinating to, "A Woman of No Importance" with his beautiful curly hair, wavy moustache, and assertive eyebrows, he confided to me, with that earnest and

"Then I will tell you. I am going to Harrogate to drink pure sulphur and to study the Devil."

You see that an actor of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's temperament must be a realist or nothing. He reminds me of the artist—I think it must be my old friend Walter Lacy—who invariably suited his dinner to the particular part he had to play. If he were cast for Château Renaud, for instance, he would dine off a dainty cutlet, an omelette, and



MR. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

Photo by H. Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.

deeply mysterious air of his, that he intended to get quietly out of the bill, and run down to Harrogate, the famous Yorkshire Spa.

"Why Harrogate?" was the natural question, for Mr. Tree looked as well as I ever saw a tired man look in my life.

The subject of my interview looked more mysterious than ever. He took me by the buttonhole, and, although we were quite close, he metaphorically led me into a corner and whispered under his breath. This is Mr. Beerbohm Tree's way. He always impresses you with the fact that to you, and you alone, is to be entrusted a secret which, except for you, would be kept locked in his breast for ever, until those wonderful "wild horses" of fiction dragged it from him. But, still, behind the solemnity and the mystery there is always to the observant interviewer a merry, undefined twinkle, a latent summer lightning flash of humour which the sad eyes cannot conceal.

"You ask why Harrogate?" sighed the modern Hamlet, as if he had the cares of the universe on his shoulders.

"Yes; I am anxious to know."

a pint of Château Margaux. If he were cast for a rollicking part in old English comedy, he would take a cut off the joint and a tankard of home-brewed ale. To exhilarate him for Alfred Highflyer, he would take a cod's head and shoulders and a pint of Moët and Chandon.

So, somewhat on the same principle, the Haymarket manager selects his scenery for his dramatic situation. Once on a time I discovered Mr. Beerbohm Tree in a deserted arbour in a lovely old garden at Northrepps Hall, near Cromer, and within easy walking distance of my beloved Poppyland. The children, home for the holidays, were playing cricket and tennis on the sands all the way from Sherringham to Mundesley—that favourite walk in old days of Algernon Charles Swinburne and his friend Theodore Watts, one going one way and one the other, "Each chasing each through many a weary hour, and ending sadly in a common goal," which happened to be the Mill House at Sidestrand village. The lovers and the golfers were on the Lighthouse Hill; the schoolmasters, artists, students, journalists and novelists, male and female, were in artistic

confusion on the Overstrand Beach, under the summer pleasaunce of my Lord of Battersea, once Cyril Flower.

But the melancholy actor had hidden himself in the arbour of an old garden. I found him in a wild and dejected state, tearing his hair and reading a crumpled book.

He was studying Hamlet.

So, as I wanted to know something about the new poetic play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones which is to play the deuce with modern dramatic literature, and to send us back to good old Chaucer and the

himself up to an abnormal height. Sometimes he would leap into the air; at others he seemed to float and swim across the fields as we do in nightmare dreams. Occasionally, he sat cross-legged on the grass, mocking and gibing at the passers-by.

No, by heaven, he was not mad! It was Mr. Beerbohm Tree, hopelessly sane, studying the Devil. In one of his lucid intervals, when the fit and the inspiration were not on him, I got Mr. Beerbohm Tree to tell me something about Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play that is at present causing him so much artistic anxiety.

He has the highest opinion of it. He believes it to be the finest thing the author has ever done—far finer than "Judah" in poetic grace and fancy. He read me some of the most effective speeches with excellent effect, and seemed to pooh-pooh the idea that Mr. Jones could do anything that was not original in every sense of the word. He hinted that the new work would give scope for fine spectacular effect that would test the skill of Mr. Hugh Moss, the new Haymarket stage director. I gathered that Mephisto, Frankenstein, and Vanderdecken combined would not be in it with the newest of the oldest gentleman in the world.

But still I was puzzled. Knowing Mr. Tree's artistic and realistic proclivities, and having found him once studying Hamlet in the melancholy arbour of a dream-laden garden, how was it that, having rejected the sulphurous springs of Harrogate, he had pitched his tent at Westgate-on-Sea, of all places in the world, to attitudinise diabolically, to dream of the infernal regions, to ponder and philosophise, holding almost daily converse with Mr. Sydney Grundy and Mr. Haddon Chambers, who were both writing lively plays and roaring with laughter from morn to dewy eve?

"Do tell me, you prospective Devil," I said, "why you selected the Thanet Isle on which to study his Black or Red or Blue Majesty, as the case may be."

Mr. Beerbohm Tree grinned inwardly, but mysteriously.

"Why did I come to Thanet?" he repeated. "Well, you will see when you sit in your stall at the Haymarket on the first night of the new play in September."

"Thank you for nothing," I observed.

Whereupon the face changed, and the mysterious twinkle came into the eyes again.

"Why did I come to Thanet? Let me whisper."

He whispered, though we were miles away from a human being.

"Thanet! Athanatos! The Island without Death! I am the very Devil."

And then, with a grim chuckle, he vanished into space. The words of a popular song were realised. The air was "Blue for miles"!

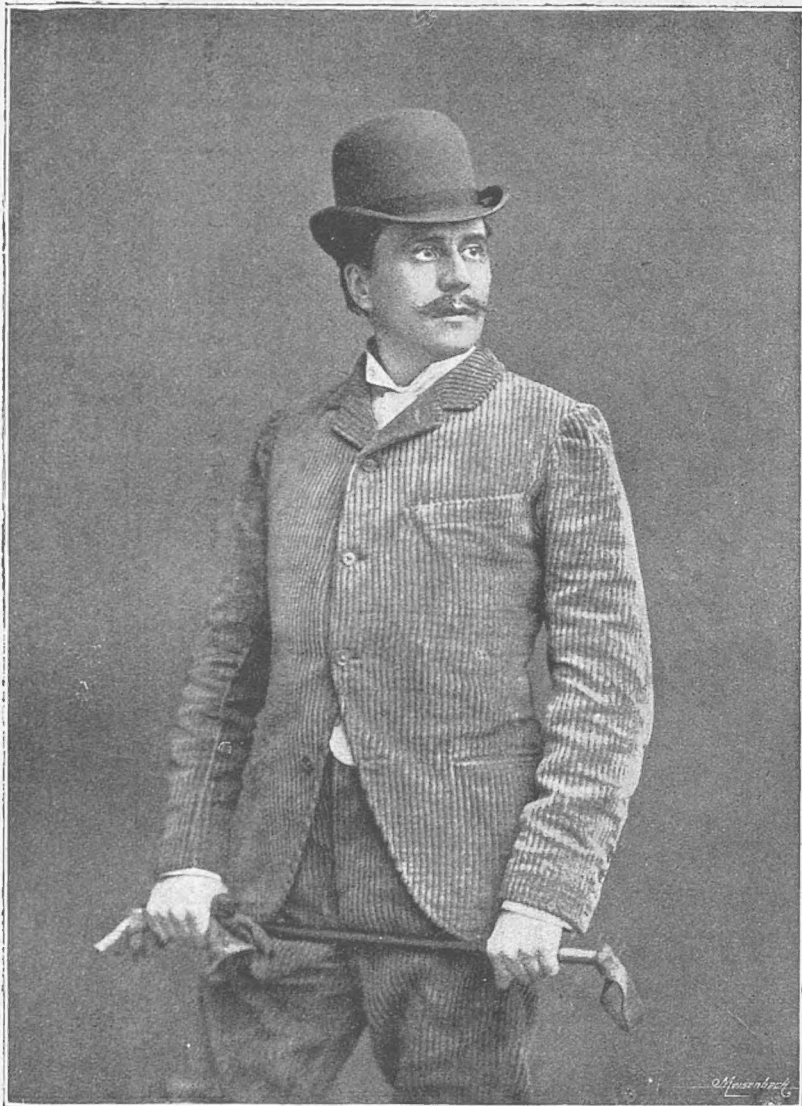


Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.
MR. TREE AS CAPTAIN SWIFT.

Canterbury Tales, I thought I would go down to Harrogate and interview Mr. Tree studying the old gentleman in a sulphur bath. Harrogate would do just as well for me as any other place. When your nerves have run down some specialists send you to Aix-les-Bains in order to sit up all night with dear old Johnny Toole and his cheery Boswell, Joseph Hatton. Some recommend Homburg, the Hyde Park of the Spas, or Marienbad the lively, or good old Bath the dull. So I went to Harrogate, and hunted high and low for the Devil on Two Sticks. The air smelt of sulphur, and I expected that the new Azrael and the latest Mephisto would pop out at me at every turn. I went to the old sulphur spring, and made myself sick; I bathed in sulphur, and reduced myself to an abject state of depression. I "got the needle" with sulphur squirts. I was shampooed by an Aix professor who had a pipe of sulphur round his neck. I was literally impregnated with sulphur, but the Devil I could not find. I sought him round the Spa and on the "Stray." I went to Fountains Abbey, and found that the monks of old had exorcised him; so at last, in my despair, I left Harrogate, and made a dead rush for the new and excellent Cliftonville at Margate, which has been "Gordonised" to the complete satisfaction of the lovers of ozone, and is doing its best to turn our old friend Merry Margate into a centre of rank, beauty, and fashion.

I can't help it. I have loved Margate these forty years past and more. It is not the Margate that we used to know in our days of childhood. It is a Margate merry as ever, but far more modern. The shrimps and hot water, the seaside refreshment-rooms with the wheezy pianos, the touts and the badged porters, have disappeared with the cracked-brained old vendor of "alicampane." But Margate is one of the loves to which I have been eternally true.

Wandering one day on the sea cliff between the Margate flagstaff and the Rossetti land of bungalowed Birchington, I came across a wild and dishevelled man. He was alternately winking his eye and "making the welkin ring" with fiendish chuckles. He was draping himself in the folds of a fantastic cloak. He was attitudinising, and drawing



Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.
MR. TREE AS SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS HAMLET.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

AT THE PORTALS OF THE PEERS.

"STANDING ROOM ONLY—HOUSE FULL."

The brilliant scene in the House of Lords last Friday night has been the theme of many writers, but the passing panorama enjoyed by those who were in the lobby approaching the entrance of the Chamber was no less interesting and varied. Every peer is entitled to two orders for seats in the Strangers' Gallery, so it was not surprising that scores were unable to obtain admission. In front of the beautiful frescoes, on crimson cushions as bright as those in the House itself, lines of "strangers" patiently sat hour after hour, waiting their remote chance with exemplary good humour. They were rewarded, in some degree, by the

as Colonel Saunderson, who convoyed many ladies into the safe harbour of the House. Sir Richard Temple and Mr. T. H. Bolton—the latter was the subject of some curiosity—had, apparently, walking-matches between the two Houses. The Premier's son, in lightest of grey suits, Mr. Herbert Paul, with a look of cynical indifference, and Sir Edward Grey, who followed his chief at the Foreign Office at a brief interval, were representatives of the younger school.

But the peers—ah, they were the most singular individuals! Most of them wore overcoats of the deepest dye and the thickest nature, indicating their fear of the night air, to which they are so unaccustomed after attending the afternoon half-hour sittings of the House of Lords. The Bishop of Ripon was well muffled up after his happy little speech, and his brother (familiarily known as "A B C") was likewise wearing a thick overcoat. The Bishop does not affect the episcopal gaiters, and was in height and size the obverse of the Archbishop of York, who carries himself with military uprightness, although his connection with the Army ceased forty-one years ago. At least four gentlemen were challenged at the door by the stalwart policemen as to their right to enter the House. The reply of one, who pronounced in Cockney fashion the word "Pee-ah," did not quite satisfy them, but after a moment's pause he passed within the portals. The fact that many were making their first acquaintance with the interior of the Assembly in which they were entitled to sit was obviously shown by their ignorance as to where to hang their coats and hats.

Very many interesting personages were spectators of the scene within the House. Canon H. Scott-Holland and Mr. Joseph Arch rubbed shoulders together; Mr. Bartley and Mr. Bowles found the attraction of a speech by Lord Salisbury superior to Supply; while journalists were, naturally, in full force. Well-known Pressmen like Mr. H. W. Massingham, in lightest summer attire, whose brilliant articles in the *Daily Chronicle* are quite a contribution to history; Mr. J. Boon, a lobbyist of indomitable inquisitiveness; humorous Mr. Martin, of the *Daily Telegraph*; the *Westminster Gazette* "Observer," and his clever colleague, Mr. F. C. Gould; Mr. L. F. Austin, who would surely find in the medley of veteran peers and eccentric commoners abundant material for his good-humoured sarcasm, and Mr. H. W. Lucy and Mr. S. J. Fisher, both veterans in the Press Gallery, were constant visitors to the House.

The most pleasing part of the House was the Peeresses' Gallery, where the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Leeds, the Marchioness of Londonderry, Countess Spencer, the Countess of Iddesleigh, the Countess of Onslow, Countess Brownlow, the Countess of Lonsdale, Lady Coleridge, and many another "noble dame" sat, in splendid attire, to listen to their lords below. Unlike Mrs. Gladstone, the Marchioness of Salisbury has no very keen interest in the proceedings of Parliament, and was not noticed in the gallery among these fair auditors. When the division was about to be called, the aged Bishop of Bath and Wells asked permission to vote in his seat, a privilege which was, of course, granted. The

incident reminded some of the leave granted in "another place," for many years, to the late Sir Charles Forster. The Turkish Ambassador, Rustem Pasha, was one of the occupants of the Diplomatic Gallery. The Duke of Cambridge was present at the debate, but did not take part in the division.

As ten o'clock sounds from Big Ben the rush of hurrying feet towards the House of Lords grows faster, and the sentence, "Lord Salisbury's up," passes from one to another. The next hour and a half few leave the House, none who have seats in the galleries, where they are now listening to the weighty speech of the ex-Premier. Then the Earl of Kimberley concludes the debate, commencing in a certain apologetic tone which finally warms into eloquence. At midnight the peers divide, and, after nearly half an hour's counting, the figures are made known: CONTENT, 41; NON-CONTENT, 419. Then their Lordships put on their overcoats, and drive home with the consciousness that Mr. Gladstone's Bill for the Better Government of Ireland has been relegated to the waste-paper basket—for a time.



FROM M'LEAN'S MONTHLY SHEET OF CARICATURES, MAY 1, 1834.

sight of hosts of our hereditary legislators and by the constant passing of members of the House of Commons on their way to the last venue of the Home Rule Bill. Some of the spectators would occasionally buttonhole a member, or flutter round the guardians of the door like a Peri at the gate of Paradise. The wiser ones saw the uselessness of such efforts, and gave their attention to the incidents of the lobby. Cabinet Ministers were, on the whole, generally recognised, though Mr. Asquith's features are not very familiar to the public. Mr. Arnold Morley, dressed in his usual careful style, and Mr. Acland, with that air of a curate which seems inseparable from him, passed and repassed to the Upper House. Sir George Trevelyan, whose hair is growing white with great rapidity, and Mr. Bryce, who has so personal an interest in the fate of the Bill, strolled often along the lobby. Sir William Harcourt, whose wearied face and towering form everybody agreed were usually over-caricatured, paced stolidly along, a contrast to that alert veteran Mr. Mundella. The Chief Secretary for Ireland was not noticed; but his predecessor, Mr. Balfour, was as constantly visible

INCIDENTS DURING THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

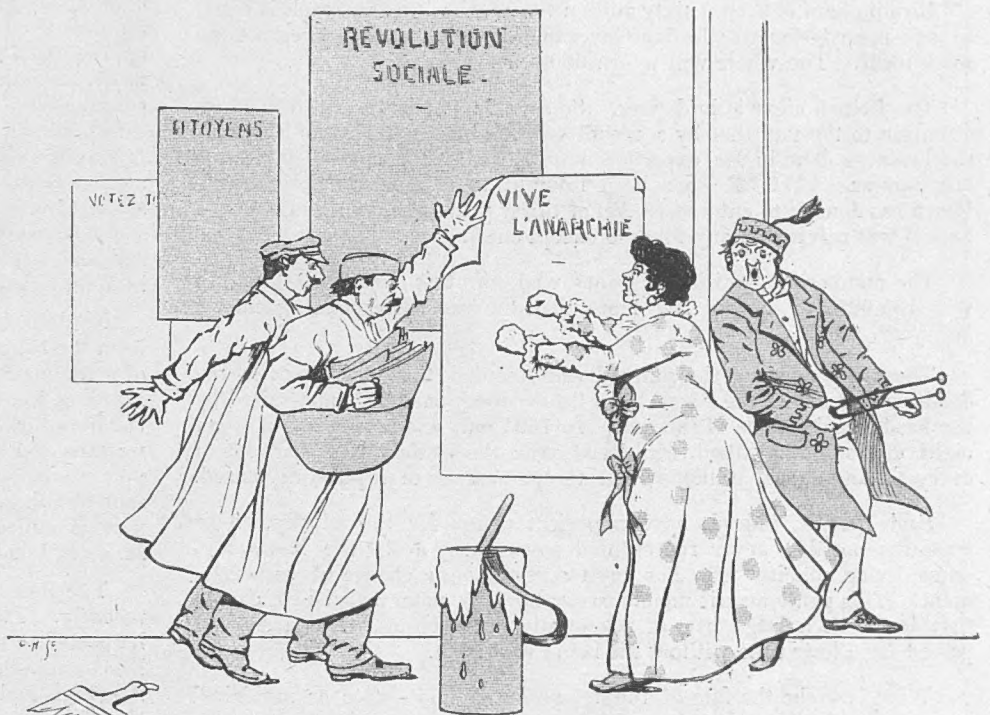
The great feature of the elections which have just terminated in France is the overthrow of M. Clémenceau and those who have co-operated with him in Parliamentary affairs. The Extreme Left party, which has been so ably led by M. Clémenceau, has paid the penalty of indecision as to its attitude towards the Socialists, and to this fact must be attributed the defeat of men like MM. Floquet, Mathe, Maujan, and Pichon. M. Clémenceau is just in the prime of life—fifty-two years of age—and has borrowed from his fine swordsmanship the rapier thrust of argument. Impulsive to a fault, he has constantly made false steps in policy, and shows far more ability in the destruction of his opponent's case than in the construction of his own. A curious point in his career is his early passion for the medical profession. He is an M.D., and once practised at Montmartre. M. Clémenceau has never had an antagonist worthy of his steel (speaking metaphorically) since Gambetta's death. There is no doubt the little rebuff he has received at the polls will be

"Surrey Theatre" vein. Says M. Cassagnac: "I do not recriminate, for I am one of those who cannot be discouraged by defeat. I have the spirit of a soldier, who does not understand what discouragement is. Like the celebrated warrior of Salamis, who, having lost his two hands, continued fighting with his teeth, I will, though I have lost the Parliamentary tribune, continue the campaign with my pen, the point of which is sharp."

Some of the new Labour deputies are interesting personalities, though very different men from our John Burns. For a journeyman hatter to defeat a possible President is so signal a victory that, necessarily, a good deal of attention has been directed towards M. Faberot. M. Floquet's conqueror is nearly sixty years old, and owes much of his success to the unanimous support of workmen. Though late in entering the Parliamentary field, it is likely M. Faberot will make his mark in the Chamber, where he intends to pose as the representative of militant socialism.



I.



II.

useful if it serve to steady a statesman who may yet do good service to the Republic. He is on terms of friendship with many leading English politicians, and used to have many points of sympathy with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. M. Floquet has been in some respects a very successful President of the Chamber in time past, but his duel with the late General Boulanger showed a loss of dignity which was unexpected. A man who will be missed in the Chamber is M. Frédéric Passy, who has fought so earnestly for the principles of peace. His genial face, with its crown of white hair, has been long familiar in Paris, where his consistent support of good works has won for him the respect of all. That eloquent Christian Socialist, Count de Mun, is another loss to the Chamber, which can ill spare natural orators. M. de Cassagnac's long Parliamentary career of twenty-seven years is temporarily suspended, although there is no doubt he will find his way back to the Chamber, whose sessions he has so often enlivened. His valedictory address is in the best

M. Chauvin is another notable member of the Socialist Labour party. He will be interesting to watch in the Palais Bourbon. At first, it was imagined that he was a hairdresser—"only that, and nothing more"—but later information points to the fact that he is a very successful tradesman. Of course, his mode of earning his living will be considered a fair subject for the caricaturists for a long time to come. There is, in two or three cases, a laudable ambition on the part of the Labour members in the Chamber to be independent of monetary help from their committees as far as possible. Another new member is a banker's clerk, a position which in England would hardly have recommended him to the suffrages of a constituency in which working men have the majority. M. Goblet will need all that wisdom which long experience of Parliamentary life ought to have given him in order to drive, or perhaps we ought to say lead, his new team. Of M. Guesde, it is fair to speak as, to some extent, an "unknown quantity."



III.



IV.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The cholera has come to closer quarters than most people care about. Grimsby and Hull, so far, are the most dangerous spots; but the most sensational case was the death of the cleaner at the House of Commons.

The coal dispute has resulted in very wild work during the past few days. In the Midlands the men have literally run riot, and incendiarism was indulged in to an alarming extent at Lord Masham's pits near Pontefract. This, it might be argued, is a very appropriate weapon for miners to use, but the authorities did not see it in that light. So on Thursday the Riot Act was read, and that not sufficing, the military present—in ridiculously inadequate numbers—fired on the rioters, several of whom were fatally wounded.

If Belfast be the sweater that has been represented in certain quarters, it was just the best place that the Trades Union Congress could have met in. One of the most interesting decisions arrived at was that on the first day of May, not the first Sunday, a general labour demonstration should be held in favour of the eight-hours day.

Birmingham is to coin sixty million ten-centime pieces—each is equal to our penny—for the Italian Government, which cannot overtake the work itself. The whole will weigh 600 tons.

The British cigar is in danger. So says a trade journalist, who draws attention to the fact that by a recent decision of the Board of Customs the business done in the exportation of British-made cigars—the value last year was £112,161—has been brought to a standstill. What the Board has done is to enforce an Act of thirty years ago, by which “draw-back” was refused on any tobacco except snuff.

The number of British emigrants who left this country last month was 155,021, or nearly 700 more than in the corresponding month last year.

Those opponents of the railroad who founded their objections on the deadliness of riding the “iron horse” have long since been non-suited by the hard and dry facts of the case. In 1891 only one person out of every eight millions was killed, while last year the victims were one out of every six and a half millions; but the percentage of injured decreased.

Some people, indeed, have a perfect mania for the railway. This type was possibly never represented so curiously as by the Newcastle-under-Lyme solicitor who has been arrested on a charge of embezzlement. This gentleman is unable to say how his money vanished, except that he spent a large part of it on railway travelling. Not a day has passed for a long time without his being in a train.

What is to be the fate of the telephone system—state or municipal management? The whole question has been brought to the front by the application of the Glasgow Corporation for a license to work telephones. Under the present state of matters the telephone service in the country is not only dear, but it is bad.

Speaking of telephones, it may be mentioned that Mr. Henry Sell, of Directory fame, has at last obtained the permission of the Post Office to publish a complete official list of registered telegraphic addresses. For seven long years the indefatigable compiler of the “World's Press” has tried to supply these addresses to the 40,000 great commercial houses who are concerned, but the Post Office has hitherto blocked the way.

At last the royal wedding presents have been withdrawn from the gaze of the public. They have been taken either to York House, St. James's Palace, or to York Lodge, Sandringham; but during the seven weeks they were exhibited at the Imperial Institute they were viewed by nearly 360,000 people. A large proportion of the entrance money is to be given to the Victoria Fund.

The Braemar Gathering is the great fashionable event of Deeside; but without the Queen it is like “Hamlet” without the Prince. This year it not only had not the Queen, but no member of the Royal Family at all.

The Campania has again beaten all records, making the voyage from New York in 5 days 14 hours 55 minutes.

The death of Lieutenant Hambrough at Ardlamont still remains a mystery, though it will be cleared up at an early date by the trial of Monson, who has been transferred to Greenock from Inverary. But where is Scott? His appearance is a necessary part of the clue to the whole affair.

But for the interposition of Sir John Bridge, Dr. Falb, the Austrian weather prophet, might have had to reckon with many rivals in this country. The possibility of such being the case was due to Mr. Pearson, of “missing word” fame, who invited his readers to give the number of rainy days and hours of bright sunshine in a week. The Meteorological Office itself, with all its scientific information, takes on hand to prophesy only for one day. So Sir John Bridge came to the decision that Mr. Pearson's scheme was a lottery.

The regatta season still lingers, to-morrow being the date of the Hastings and St. Leonards event, for which the Brighton Railway Company are to run special trains.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

Paris is rapidly losing her deserted-looking air, as people are coming back in shoals from their *villégiatures*. The theatres are nearly all opened again, not to mention the Casino de Paris and Olympia, and several novelties are promised for the winter season.

This is a capital season for shooting, it appears, wonderful bags being unusually common. At Chantilly, the Duc de Chartres' shooting party killed the first day in the Parc d'Apremont eight hundred partridges and three hundred head of miscellaneous game, and the second day over six hundred head. Among the twelve guns were the Duc de Penthièvre, Prince de Joinville, Prince Henri d'Orléans, Duc de la Trémoille, Marquis d'Harcourt, Marquis de Guoy, Marquis du Lau, and many other notabilities.

A most extraordinary case of hypnotism occurred last week in an omnibus running from the Place Pigalle to the Halle aux Vins. The conductor, finding a young woman asleep, as he supposed, shook her by the shoulders in the attempt to awaken her, but, to his consternation, found that her body was perfectly stiff. He carried her into an omnibus bureau, where, however, all endeavours to rouse her proved fruitless. Accordingly, she was taken to a chemist, who, after several experiments, gave his opinion that she was hypnotised. He, therefore, made the needful “passes” with perfect success, and she soon recovered consciousness. Her name is Maud Hugon, and she is employed as interpreter in a large English firm of *couturières*, Boulevard des Italiens. It appears that after leaving her work she entered the omnibus, and was at once confused by a stout man sitting opposite to her, who stared at her so fixedly that she was unable to avoid looking at him in return, and soon afterwards fell asleep. The man was a perfect stranger to her, and she declares that, should she ever see him again, she will give him into custody.

M. de la Londe, the police commissary of the Vendôme quarter, has been the subject of several practical jokes, perpetrated by a young man of gentlemanly appearance, and who is now being sought by the police. He went to a mason and told him to go and open the family vault for the burial of M. de la Londe's brother, who is in perfect health. Several wreaths appeared the next day for the tomb of M. de la Londe himself, who was supposed to have died very suddenly, and the finale came the same evening, when a long procession of pastrycooks appeared, bearing various delicate dishes, which the same idiotic joker had ordered for M. de la Londe's birthday party.

The Bois de Boulogne was the scene of a very *fin-de-siècle* quarrel recently. Two *demi-mondaines de marque*, as the French papers say, happened to meet unexpectedly, and one, Jane Symon, began to upbraid her friend, Débriège, for something or other. After more or less choice language had been exchanged between the two, Jane Symon snatched the whip from her coachman's hand, and began vigorously belabouring the other with it, who, in her turn, responded in like manner. Everybody stopped their carriages and crowded round the infuriated women, encouraging them, I am afraid, in their mad fight. Mlle. Débriège at length had to give in, and drove rapidly away, leaving Jane Symon the victor of the field, and surrounded by an admiring crowd, whom she assured that the experiment should be repeated the next time she saw her “friend.” The Bois promises to be very gay and exciting this year.

Mr. Oscar Wilde is being fêted galore at Dinard at the time of writing. He says he doesn't approve of butchers' shops, as they are against æsthetic principles. All meat should be photographed, so that the eye need not be offended by the sight of raw meat when the possessor of the eye (I hope I am clear enough) is buying it! As the one who buys the meat generally has to cook it, I fail to see where the advantage of the photographing business comes in. To many of Mr. Wilde's admirers his utterly unæsthetic form proved a great shock and disappointment at first, which they were some little time in recovering from. However, he is followed everywhere by loving hangers-on, from America chiefly, who treasure up his words of wit and wisdom as though they came from the lips of a Solomon. His brother, Mr. “Willie” Wilde, was a great favourite of last season, and is much regretted this year.

MIMOSA.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
HASTINGS REGATTA, THURSDAY, SEPT. 14.

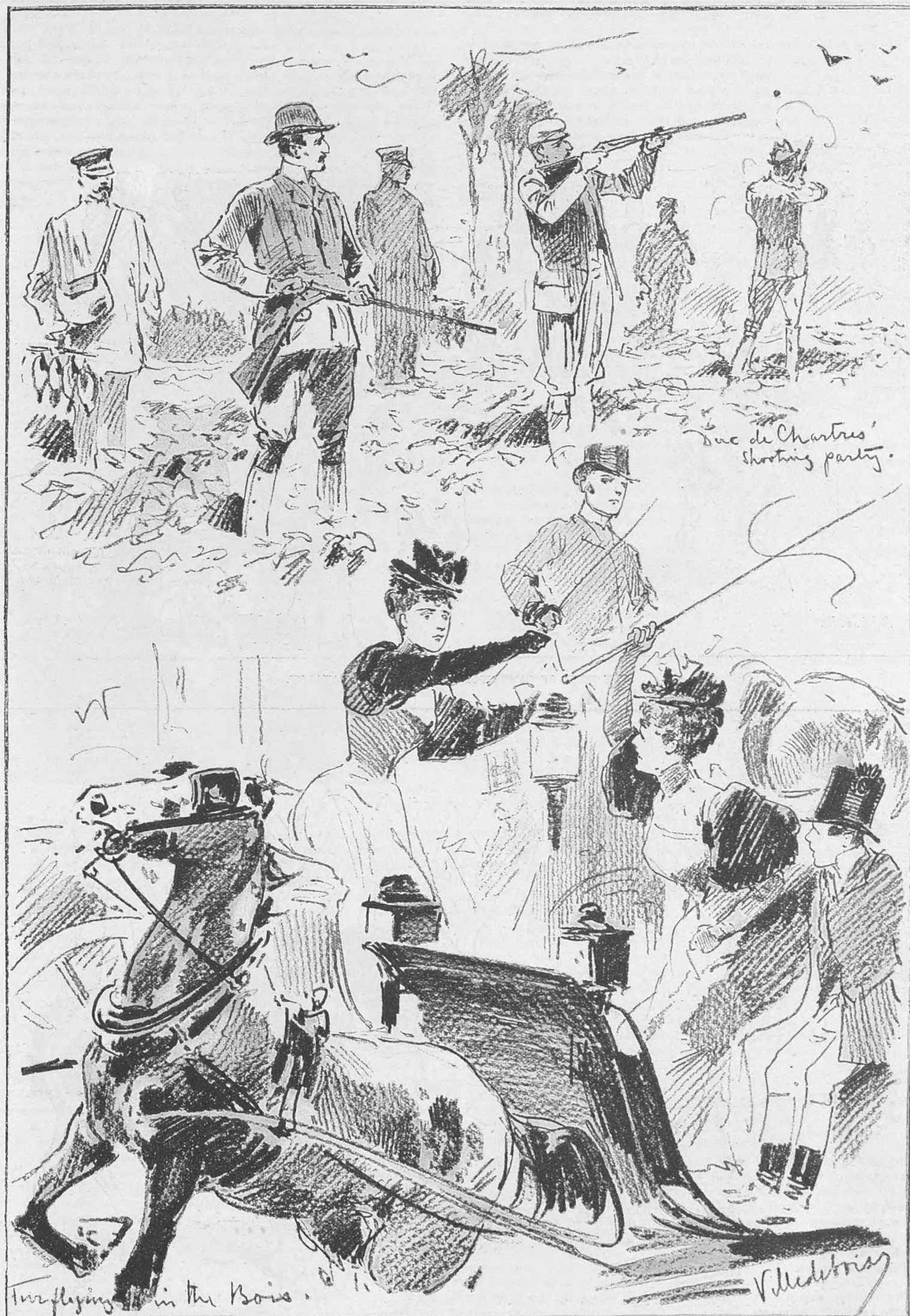
Special Cheap Trains from Victoria 8.10 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge 8.5 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon; from Shoreditch 7.55 a.m., calling at Whitechapel, Shadwell, Wapping, Rotherhithe, and Deptford Road; also from Brockley 7.55 a.m., calling at Honor Oak Park, Forest Hill, Sydenham, Penge, and Anerley. Returning by certain Evening Trains same day only. Fare there and back, 4s.

PORTSMOUTH, RYDE, AND ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.
MONDAY, SEPT. 18.

Special Cheap Excursion from London Bridge at 7 a.m., calling at New Cross, Brockley, Honor Oak Park, Forest Hill, Sydenham, Penge, Anerley, Norwood Junction, East Croydon, and South Croydon; from Victoria 7.5 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, West Croydon, Waddon, Wallington, and Sutton. Returning same day, as per handbills. Fares, Portsmouth Town and Southsea, 4s.; Ryde, 5s. 6d., and including Steamboat Trip round the Isle of Wight, 6s.

FOR full particulars see Special Bills, to be obtained at the Stations and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand. (By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square—Opening Night, Tuesday, Sept. 19. AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY OF COMEDIANS (Miss Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, James Lewis, George Clarke, Arthur Bouchier, &c.) in DOLLARS AND SENSE (for twelve Nights and two Matinées). Tuesday, Oct. 3, THE FORESTERS, by the late Lord Tennyson. Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries.



THE ARMY MANŒUVRES IN BERKSHIRE.



THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE REVIEWING THE CAVALRY.



THE 20TH HUSSARS BREAKING UP CAMP.

A TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR THE STAGE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. HENRY NEVILLE.

Mr. Henry Neville is one of those actors who believe that their art can be taught, and in this belief has conducted for many years, in conjunction with his brother, Mr. George Neville, the tuition of young ladies and gentlemen whose ambition it is to go on the stage. An undertaking which was begun fifteen years ago may be said to have emerged from the experimental stage, and on passing along Oxford Street the other afternoon a representative resolved to call at No. 524, with the object not only of seeing Mr. Neville's studio, but also of ascertaining from his lips the opinions to which this long period of experience had led him. Mr. Neville was out, a maidservant said; but it seemed that the hero of a legion of melodramas was only snatching a late and hasty lunch in the restaurant next door. It was but a few minutes before he appeared, and these



MR. HENRY NEVILLE.

Photo by Conly, Boston.

were pleasantly spent in looking at the innumerable photographs with which the mantelpiece and walls of his cosy little room were adorned.

"Most of them," said Mr. Neville, "are of past and present pupils."

"Indeed! It is a remarkable proof of your success, I should think."

"Oh, you'd be surprised if I were to tell you—if I were at liberty to tell you the names of some leading people on the stage to-day who have studied here. One of the latest is Miss Beatrice Selwyn, who recently distinguished herself at Terry's Theatre. But prejudice dies hard, and there is a prejudice against the idea that people can learn how to act. As a matter of fact, most of the best actors have learned diligently, only until recent years the stock company provided a sufficient school. It was the custom to play 'legitimate' pieces for some period in each year, and although this meant much hard work to the younger members it gave them invaluable experience. Then, it was the practice of the greatest London actors and actresses to 'star' in the provinces, and the members of these companies thus had an opportunity of playing with a Charles Kean, a Gustavus Brooke, a Madame Celeste, and a Miss Helen Faucit. Consider what this meant to them: in this way the traditions of the greatest acting were sustained and preserved. That is what we strive to do here; we try to impart to the pupils a knowledge of the methods of the great actors and actresses with whom my brother and I have played. For I hold that in acting, as in painting and other arts, a knowledge of its traditions is of first importance. If there is great talent, if there is genius, individual development is bound to come, but to begin there must be an understanding of the best that has gone before. For instance, if an actor in a certain part makes a great and striking effect with some new bit of 'business,' it should be the object of those who follow him in the part to emulate his success."

"To come to practical details, Mr. Neville, what is the method of teaching pursued here?"

"Well, of course, it varies with the capacities of the students. But my brother and I have drawn up a syllabus of things which every student must learn, which every student should know before leaving, just as there are certain things which every boy must know—such as the rules of grammar and the multiplication table—on leaving his school,

although some may study natural science and others mathematics, some modern languages and others the classics. So there is first a course of trial lessons, so to speak, in articulation, modulation, gesture, deportment, and stage business. I always make a point of attending the last lesson of this course, when judgment, so to speak, is passed upon the student. If we think that he or she has no prospect of succeeding on the stage we frankly say so. But if they have fair ability and a moderately good presence, they proceed to study various parts, coming here for one lesson or two lessons a week of about an hour and a quarter's duration, full-dress rehearsals and what we call practice performances being occasionally given in our little studio theatre adjoining."

In the theatre Mr. George Neville was at that moment giving a lesson to a young lady who was essaying a part in "A Lesson in Love," as could be heard distinctly through a partially opened door. Again and again the instructor took her through a difficult line, vividly suggesting the patience and perseverance which Mr. Neville does not neglect to emphasise as essential to success in his profession. The lesson ended, I am taken into the theatre, which, in a very small compass, does realise for the novice all the conditions and environments in which his art must be practised. There are the proper entrances and exits, a "set" scene, and the all-important footlights. Moreover, at the other side of the little theatre, facing the stage, are mirrors, in which the students can observe their every action.

"It is remarkable," says Mr. Henry Neville, "how soon, under these conditions, a student learns to walk properly, to stand with grace and ease, and, in fact, to learn what may be called the tricks of the stage. I am sure that at one of our practice performances there is nothing to distinguish in regard to these apparently simple things—which are, nevertheless, often such stumbling-blocks to amateurs—between our students and ordinary professionals."

"At what age do you think aspirants should begin their training?"

"Fifteen or sixteen is probably the best age—at any rate, for a girl. Most of our pupils are older than that, however. Some have no professional purpose in view; some come merely to study elocution with the object of giving recitations among their friends, others are amateurs who come to study plays they intend taking part in for a charitable performance."

"Do you undertake to obtain engagements for those who wish to make a livelihood on the stage?"

"We never profess to do so, but as a matter of fact none of our pupils ever fail to get engagements. Only the other day a manager who saw a young lady play here the part of Lady Teazle at once engaged her as leading lady in a good provincial company for three years. Of course, we never encourage our pupils to think that they can begin in London; a year or so's experience in the provinces is as inevitable as it is desirable."

SOME FRENCH WATERING PLACES.

Literary enthusiasm and literary gush usually turn their attention to some fashionable French watering-place at this time of the year. Thus we have "Dainty Dinard" or "Delightful Dinard" absolutely thrust down our throats, and the balls given by the English or American residents duly chronicled. But the fashionable visitor scarcely goes to Dinard to join in local gaieties, fresh—or, rather, not fresh—after a London season; the bathing or idling away the morning on the picturesque *plage*, with a drive to the woody Vicomté in the afternoon, forms a much more enchanting programme for the day, provided the visitor has his, or her, own party, and is not dependent on the sand tennis-courts or Casino "hops." There is St. Malo to be visited, with its curious old shops and no less antique wares; there is St. Enogat, St. Servan, and a trip can be taken up the poetic Rance to Dinan, that wonderful old town which painters love.

But, if we have "Dainty Dinard," by all means let us turn to "Dear Dieppe" and "Darling Deauville," to say nothing of "Entrancing Etretat" and "Tantalising Trouville." Lastly, but not least, hidden away among the snow-topped Pyrenees, there are the "Lively Luchon," where day is turned into night, and "Breezy Biarritz." At "Entrancing Etretat" there are the advantages of enchanting scenery, added to excellent bathing and coaching. At "Darling Deauville" and her twin-sister Trouville there is a miniature Monte Carlo in the Casino, the most beautiful women Paris boasts of to be seen daily on the Planks, and balls given by the leaders of Parisian society in rose-covered villas. It is Paris *en fête* by the sea, in the glorious air and dazzling sunshine—a Paris that is not forgetful of good racing, and holds its charmed circle intact against the pushing tourists of other nations.

"Breezy Biarritz" at this period of the year is in all the glory of the Spanish and Russian season. The Casino cotillions are deservedly famous, and the English visitors who connect it with its golf and piercing winds would hardly recognise it in its holiday attire, put on only at this season of the year. "Dear Dieppe" can also boast one of the finest casinos in France and a nice little theatre, supplying the strangers with visits from some of the best French companies. From a picturesque point of view, Dieppe itself has little to be admired, but only a few miles away is the glorious *Forêt d'Arques*, close to the fortress bearing the same name, which, nestling in its cosy bay, is the retreat of so many of the French actresses, and the baby village, with its villas and terraces of roses, called Pourville. There, for a small sum, one's fortune may be told by a picturesque old peasant; there one may eat of the famous *galette* and lie undisturbed on the pebbled *plage* all day, only a mile away from fashionable Dieppe.

ALL ABROAD.

It is strange that the Prince and Princess of Wales should each have lost an uncle within a fortnight of each other. It was on the 22nd ult. that the uncle of the Prince, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, died at the Castle of Reinhardsbrunn, where two days later our artist sketched the figure of the dead Duke lying in state.

The Princess lost her uncle, Prince William of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, on Tuesday evening, last week. Prince William, who was the elder brother of King Christian, was born two years before the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who was the same age as her Royal Highness's father.

The fact is recalled by Prince William's death that, as his youngest brother, Christian, was elected King of Denmark when the direct Danish line came to an end with Frederick VII., so it fell to the second son of King Christian to become a King also—of Greece.

It is a niece of the Queen of Denmark, Princess Sibyl of Hesse-Cassel, a girl of sixteen, that rumour assigns as the bride-to-be of the Czarewitch; but then rumour is ever trenching on the rôle of the registrar.

Military manœuvres are occupying the attention of Europe to a very great extent at the present moment. The Kaiser has, of course, not lost the opportunity of making a speech in connection with the manœuvres of his troops. It will possibly shock the Peace Society, and certainly



THE LATE DUKE OF COBURG LYING IN STATE.

not ingratiate him with the French, to hear of his having offered thanks to "the God of battles" for having granted him "a lovely portion of earth"—Alsace-Lorraine, to wit.

The Home Rule struggle in Norway grows more bitter. Should the Norwegians return a strong Radical and Republican majority to the Storting in January, it will be exceedingly difficult to settle the quarrel without an appeal to arms. Many Swedes are of opinion that Norway wants to form a republic.

The projected National Congress of the Workmen's Party in France is to be opened on 7th prox. Thirty-five members of the trades unions associated with the Labour Exchange in Paris left on Saturday to visit and report upon the World's Fair.

The latest thing in conferences is the Congress on Tramways and Street Railways, which was opened at Pesth on Thursday; nearly sixty delegates being present.

Antwerp is to have a Universal Exhibition next year. One of its most interesting features will be a department devoted to the Congo and its products. The exhibition of art will show some splendid specimens of old Belgian work, and an entire quarter of old Antwerp is to be reproduced. In addition to all this an International Congress of the Press will be held during the Exhibition.

The Carlist agitation in Spain does not please the Vatican, although the Carlist representatives have been received with great enthusiasm by the people and clergy of Ciudad Real. The state of siege declared at Vittoria in consequence of the recent riots has been raised.

The Polar expeditions are, so far, all safe. It was at Borden's Bay, in North Greenland, that the Peary expedition landed. Their steamer,

the Falcon, has returned to St. John's, Newfoundland. Nansen's party is cruising along the Siberian coast.

The latest story told of the murder of Emin Pasha is far more blood-curdling than most romances. He seems to have been on his way to the coast with thirty Nubian soldiers, when he was tracked by the Arabs, one of whom struck off the unhappy German's head with a huge curved knife. His followers were then killed and eaten.

The murder would seem to be confirmed by the fact that a tin box containing the despatches and letters in Emin's own writing was found in Nyangué; where the Europeans had engaged in several campaigns with the Arabs, and captured Nyangué itself.

Cholera has played fearful havoc among a batch of Algerian Arabs, who started for Mecca recently. Seven thousand set out, but only five thousand managed to find their way back, the remainder having succumbed to the epidemic or the privations which they sustained during their journey.

The Khedive, it is said, is to favour us with a visit, if it is welcome to our Government. His Highness wants to know England better than he does, and he wishes us to know him.

"The gold-bug *World* follows up the plutocratic triumph of the anti-silver party in the House by a fierce and insolent denunciation of the Western and Southern statesmen who dared to line themselves up against the Shylocks of Lombard Street and of Frankfort-on-the-Main." This is a typical specimen of English from the leading columns of the *New York Recorder*, which is making a frenzied fight for free silver.

A strong feeling is said to exist in the Lower House of Congress in favour of a recess in October, as it is thought that the repeal of the Sherman Act will be passed by the Senate before the end of this month.

Brazil is again in the throes of civil war—indeed, its lucid intervals of peace are so brief that rebellion might be said to be chronic. The present crisis has arisen out of the action of the President in exercising his right of veto upon a Bill which made it impossible for a Vice-President to sit in the Presidential chair.

Two other South American republics, Chili and Argentina, are hovering in a state of distrust of each other over the delay in the settlement of the boundary question. The Argentine Minister of Foreign

Affairs wisely urges the necessity of approving the protocol on the subject. Then the Argentine province of Tucuman is in revolt over the fraudulent election of its Governor.

A catalogue of casualties is reported from Japan. Two villages and a town, in different parts of the empire, have been destroyed by fire, a disastrous explosion has occurred in a coal mine, and a number of pilgrims have lost their lives while ascending Mount Frip in a storm.

The anti-foreigner maniacs in China are implacable. Their latest act has been the destruction of the Roman Catholic mission at Mienyang, in the province of Hupeh, in which the recent massacre of Swedish missionaries took place. The Viceroy of the province, Chang Chi Tung, is strongly opposed to all foreign influence.

NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

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SMALL TALK.

It is not an enviable position to inherit the name of one who has made a mark in the British House of Commons: so much is expected of the son of a great man. For



SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, BART., M.P.

the late Sir Stafford Northcote—by which name he will always be best remembered by the public—the House of Commons had so sincere an affection that a welcome was assured for his son. But in the case of the Member for Exeter there has been also an ability for careful work, which has increased the respect felt for him. The Hon. Sir H. Stafford Northcote, Bart., is the second son of the late Lord Iddesleigh, and is forty-seven years of age. He was attached to the mission which arranged the Alabama Treaty in 1871, and was private secretary to the Marquis of Salisbury on his embassy to Constantinople. He has also been Financial Secretary to the War Office and Surveyor-General of Ordnance. Since 1880 Sir Stafford has represented Exeter in the Conservative interest. He is one of the latest adherents to the newly-formed "Colonial party" in the House of

Commons. He was created a baronet in 1887. He married the only daughter of Lord Mount-Stephen, the well-known Canadian peer, who has presided over the fortunes of the Canadian Pacific Railway for so long. Sir Stafford has recently written some letters in the public Press in which he finds many faults with the methods and measures of the Government. In his constituency the Member for Exeter is deservedly held in high esteem.

Mr. Lonnen, the "Bogey Man" of Gaiety popularity, has been too long absent from the London stage, winning all sorts of triumphs in the colonies, and he has now, I understand, signed a three years' agreement with Mr. Sedger. It is just eighteen months since Mr. Lonnen left England, and he will undoubtedly receive a hearty welcome from old friends and admirers. A new friend awaited the popular comedian's arrival in the shape of a little daughter, who made her entrance on the world's stage a few months after her father's departure, a new addition to a charming collection of picturesque little ones.

Now that Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzgerald is giving up, or has already given up, his command at the Military Asylum, Chelsea, I cannot help giving one odd reason for his popularity among the boys. "He's a kind gentleman," said one of the red-coated orphans to me, "and we has roast pork"—and here he heaved a gentle sigh of satisfied pleasure—"and crackling!" Oh, vanity of vanities, how many a stern governor of boys' institutions may learn a lesson from this! A little kindness goes a great way with boys, and a little roast pork and crackling, coming only at comet-like intervals, lights up the gloom of tough beef and tinned mutton day after day.

As to the Duke of York's School, I don't think that altogether Mr. Phil Morris chose the best subject in his picture of "Sons of the Brave." At the annual inspection by the Commander-in-Chief there is always a most interesting crowd under the great portico, including Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, Sir Archibald Alison, and other veterans. The aged hero, Sir Patrick, sits in his arm-chair, gazing at the little lads going through their evolutions. The old generals stand by, smiling in sympathy. Could not something be done with this, eh, my friend Mr. Seymour Lucas, if Mr. Phil Morris does not care about it?

You may recollect I raised a query last week as to the correctness of a writer in the *Young Man* in attributing to Lord Macaulay the advice to "know something about everything and everything about something." Mr. Edward Clodd, the distinguished naturalist, writes to claim the authorship of the phrase for John Stuart Mill, who, he says, used it in his Rectorial address at St. Andrew's.

Madame Patti-Nicolini received quite an ovation—if one may use the word—in the streets of Swansea last week, on her visit to the royal Russian yacht *Foros*, whose owner had spent two pleasant days at Craig-y-Nos Castle, entertained by the "Queen of Song" and a party of musical friends staying with her. A diamond and sapphire ring, emblematic of the flags of the *Foros* and of the Sebastopol Yacht Club, is now treasured by Madame Patti as a souvenir of the occasion.

Among the "Home Pets" humorously portrayed in the *Speaker* some time ago were reciters. They are no modern innovation, be it remembered; on the contrary, the species is very ancient. Epictetus has some words for them: "Go not freely nor indiscriminately to recitations. But if thou go, then preserve (yet without being grievous to others) thy gravity and calmness." Oh! ye reciters, who so often weary and so rarely amuse us, take the advice of this sage. But if ye will recite—and I perceive from the very prohibition that ye will—then, for pity's sake, give us something new. This is only a prelude to my strong recommendation of a new book, modestly and truthfully entitled "Original Humorous Pieces" (Dean and Son, 160A, Fleet Street). It is by a new writer, Mr. Francis W. Moore, who has placed his own experience as an amateur reciter of great ability at the disposal of others, and supplied them with some admirable material in prose and verse. The monologues "I know a maiden fair to see" and "Man Proposes" are, in particular, delightfully funny. Mr. Moore will be regarded as a public benefactor by the great tribe of reciters and also by their hearers.

Before the event it is seldom safe to prophesy, and with regard to our weather this summer and autumn the Viennese sage who was so cocksure of what we English were to suffer in the way of climate has come a very considerable cropper. Dr. Falb had no hesitation in declaring that we unfortunate islanders were to pay for our superb spring and early summer by a "wet July, a very wet August, and a hopelessly wet September." July and August declined to assist in carrying out the doctor's prophecy in a very determined manner, and September seems to have made up its mind to be equally uncomplaisant. At any rate, up to the time of writing, I have found it as, I think, is usually the case in the south of England, altogether the most delightful month in the year—the mornings fresh and cool, the days baking as June, the nights brilliant, and with just a pleasant touch of autumn's premonitory finger. I shall look forward to the worthy doctor prophesying "hard things" on some future occasion.

How many, or, perhaps, I should say how few, of my readers can tell me where is Canvey Island? I must confess that a few weeks ago I could not have answered my own question, being absolutely ignorant of its existence. The pleasures of Canvey Island were revealed to me by two lady artists whose work is well known in several London papers, and who have a happy knack of finding out places that are "far from the madding crowd," though within a few miles of the Metropolis. Canvey Island, then, is close to the mouth of the Thames, on the Essex coast, and if one can enjoy a holiday minus smart folks and fashionable frocks, plus some five miles by two of marsh and pasture land, of sweet salt breezes, glorious sunsets, a constant procession of the shipping of the greatest commercial river in the world, and the "bed and board" of a comfortable farmhouse; then by all means make your arrangements for a holiday on Canvey Island. By-the-way, there are some fifty or so other houses, I should think, besides the one I have mentioned, on the island, and there is a church, a vicar, and a vicar's wife; the island, too, is extremely respectable in the matter of age, and, it is said, was written of in the long ago by Ptolemy, who called it "Convennos."

Though Ramsgate is very old, it does not, like most things that increase in years, decrease in popularity. It is ever after the up-to-date, its latest acquisition being a new public park, which was opened on Thursday by Mr. James Lowther, Member for the Division. The function was a private one, only members of the Corporation and those



A VIEW IN RAMSGATE PARK.

who were invited being admitted. Some dissatisfaction has been felt by the burgesses generally that the ceremony was not a public one. The park, which has been beautifully laid out by Messrs. Cheal, of Lingfield Nurseries, Crawley, has many pretty nooks and corners about it, as this illustration shows.

I visited Hythe for the first time the other day, and was told that the one sight was the Charnel Chapel, and the very waiter invited me to

Talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs,

and showed me the framed legend which decorates the coffee-room of the hotel—

The Following Account (it runs) of the Human Bones deposited in the Charnel House in Hythe Church is supposed to be the only genuine Description, being extracted from a very ancient History of Britain—

Anno Domini 843 (in the reign of Ethelwolf) the Danes landed on the coast of Kent, near to the town of Hythe, and proceeded as far as Canterbury, a great part of which they burned. At length Gustavus (then Governor of Kent) raised a considerable force, with which he opposed their progress, and after an Engagement, in which the Danes were defeated, he pursued them to their shipping and the Sea Coast, where they made a most obstinate resistance. The Britons were, however, Victorious, but the Slaughter was prodigious, there being not less than Thirty Thousand left dead. After the Battle the Britons, wearied with fatigue, and perhaps shocked with the Slaughter, returned to their homes, leaving the Slain on the Field of Battle, where, being exposed to the different changes of

House in appropriate proximity—is the final touch to one's happiness. Just now the helianthus and many another fair flower are out in bloom, and altogether the gardens look delightful.

Where do our Australian contemporaries obtain their information about the old country, I wonder? The state of things at Worthing has been bad enough, as the townsfolk of the pretty little watering-place have this summer found to their cost, but it has been left to the *Melbourne Argus* to inform such of its readers as take an interest in English news that typhoid fever has wrought such havoc there that such ordinary methods of disposing of the victims as funerals have been given up, and the bodies are burnt at midnight! The subject is, perhaps, too grave a one for jesting, or one might really suppose that some wag has been making fun of the Melbourne editor, or that the Melbourne editor has been making fun of his readers. One of our own papers has been a little too imaginative in its illustrations of the deserted state of Worthing, as was, indeed, conclusively proved by a correspondent



THE CRYPT AT HYTHE.

Photo by Messrs. Frith, Reigate.

the weather, the Flesh rotted from the Bones, which were afterwards collected and piled in heaps by the Inhabitants, who in time removed them to a vault in one of the Churches of Hyta—now called Hythe.

Anyway, it is a curious sight, more impressive than the charnel chapels with which one is familiar in Switzerland and elsewhere, perhaps because we seem to have a nearer kinship with these plucky fellows, who enjoyed knocking one another to pieces on the sands at Hythe full ten centuries ago. I think my waiter's tablet is a little mythical, because I purchased a handbook by the Vicar, and he seems to be very dubious as to the history of these bones. Here they are, at any rate, piled one upon the other in their thousands, with indentations in the skulls which indicate that the battle-axes of the day did their work effectively enough.

I wonder how many visitors to London, or even Londoners themselves, are aware of the pleasant excursion which may be made in this fine weather to Kew. Let anyone, weary of the dust and heat of the City, leave the "dull, tame shore," join a steamboat at the Temple Pier, and placidly enjoy the river for a couple of hours. There is much variety of view and many interesting glimpses to be gained from the deck of a Thames steamboat; for instance, Lambeth Palace is picturesque from the water, a quality which can hardly be claimed for the home of the Archbishops of Canterbury when seen on land. Arrived at Kew, anyone would be destitute of the powers of peaceful enjoyment who would not revel in the famous gardens. The scene on a summer's afternoon near the ornamental water, brightened with the gay costumes of visitors of all ages and from many climes, is a very pretty one, and the Pagoda in the distance lends enchantment to the view. Afternoon tea—the Temperate

of the *South Coast Mercury* the other day; but we are nowhere in this connection when compared with our Antipodean editor, who goes on to tell us how "excursion passenger trains" to Worthing have ceased running. "Excursion passenger" is funny; do they have excursion luggage trains in Australia?

However, I am glad to say that things look brighter for poor little Worthing. The fever is dying out, a new supply of water, though but a temporary one, has, through the energy of the late Mayor, been brought to the town, and during the coming winter all necessary work with regard to sanitation will doubtless be carried through. Even now, the brilliant autumn weather and the improved reports have brought a few of its old admirers to Worthing, and I think the special commissioner of the daily paper who, on the whole length of the beautiful parade, was able to discover at midday only one human being—a very old longshoreman, who looked too feeble to get home to his dinner—would be puzzled to obtain so uninterrupted a view of the place as he or she appears to have done a week or two ago. Among the poor there is, however, and must be for a long time to come, much real distress, and the various relief funds which have most generously been started in different parts of the country are worthy of a very substantial support.

The Scottish American monument to the memory of those who fell in the Civil War is all very well in its way. All the same, we could do with something of the kind elsewhere. The last time I paid a visit to Quatre Bras, the resting-place of the dead beside the Nivelles road was only marked by a few scattered broken bricks.

Mr. Carter Harrison, the Mayor of Chicago, who was recently interviewed by a representative of *The Sketch*, is about to take unto himself a wife, in the shape of Miss Annie Howard, a young lady from New Orleans. She has been half-a-dozen times in Europe, and has travelled several times over the length and breadth of the United States. Her father, who served with distinction in the Confederate Army, and who made a fortune out of the Louisiana Lottery, was killed six years ago by being thrown from a horse which he was training for his daughter. The family endowed New Orleans in his memory with a magnificent library. She is said to be "worth in the neighbourhood of three millions." Miss Howard, curiously enough, when she becomes Mrs. Harrison, will at the same time become a mother-in-law to one of her girl friends, Mrs. Carter H. Harrison, jun., who was Miss Ogden, of New Orleans. Miss Howard and Miss Ogden were the very best of friends, and when the Fair brought Miss Howard Chicagowards she naturally went to stay with her friend, who had married the son of Chicago's Mayor. And there, at his son's house, Mr. Harrison saw Miss Howard.

It is well, perhaps, that the Mayor has delayed giving the city a Mayoress until the Fair was well into its old age, for he would be a daring, not to say a cruel, man who would identify his wife in any way with the wild women of the Fair, whom courtesy calls the Board of *Lady* Managers. They had another wrangle the other week. "It lasted about two hours," says the *New York Herald*, "and during that time tears were shed, and many of the ladies gave vent to their feelings by hissing and other signs of disapprobation. Mrs. Ball, of Delaware, secretary of the Awards Committee, read a long complaint against Mrs. Meredith, chairman of the committee, to whom she referred as the 'arrogant chairman of the committee.' But the sensation came last, when Mrs. Ball said, 'And now, in conclusion, I desire to say that Mrs. Meredith is an arrogant, malicious, ungenerous, vindictive woman.' Before she had finished these expletives half the women in the house were on their feet, many shrieking wildly. Others hissed and stamped their feet, and some wrung their hands in despair. Mrs. Meredith, after defending herself, broke down and began to sob hysterically. Then there came another scene of wild confusion. Everybody wanted to talk at once. Motions were made by the dozen, but nothing was done until Mrs. Palmer, who was pale with excitement, succeeded in restoring the meeting to order."

This is a good text for the rhymers, and a correspondent, "Lal," seizes the opportunity in the following verses—

Again they met who dissolved in tears,
These most advanced women, these pioneers,
These terrible women away in the West,
Resolved, but, alas! that it must be confessed,
They only resolved to dissolve in tears,
And the motion was carried *nem. con.*

'Twas a lady named Ball, of Delaware,
Whose language drove them to wild despair,
For, although Mrs. Ball was Sec., I may state
Her language was just like a Home Rule debate;
And the meeting began to dissolve in tears,
And scenes that St. Stephen's might match.

They all talked at once, these pioneers,
As they wrung their hands and shed their tears,
And they shrieked and hissed and stamped their feet,
Till Queen Potter Palmer arose from her seat
And moved "That this meeting dissolve in tears,"
And the motion was carried *nem. con.*

As violent an attack as "Anglomaniæ" has yet received is made in a book called "Americans in Europe, by One of Them," which has just appeared in New York. A special object of the writer's satire is the American woman who comes to London. "I am perfectly certain," he—or is it she?—says, "I can go into a drawing-room or salon full of my ladies, countesses, and princesses, and pick out every American woman at once, and that before any of them have spoken a word. The American woman is always and everywhere acting a part: she either overdresses or underdresses, overacts or underacts her part; she says too much or too little. You may know her also by what she leaves unsaid as well as by what she says, by what she does not as well as by what she does. Thus it is that she is always under the cruel curse of being obliged to reveal her national character and to declare herself a fraud. . . . But London swarms with American ladies of title, and I could not, if I would—which God forbid!—mention half of them, for the truth is not one-fourth part of them is of any interest to any mortal, but to themselves." Of course, there are exceptions: Lady Randolph Churchill is a shining one, and so is Lady Harcourt, who was the daughter of J. L. Motley, the historian of the Dutch Republic.

The satirist would possibly be shocked by the following extract from a letter I have just had from a young American lady who is staying at Bonn, through which town the Kaiserin passed a few days ago on her way to Cologne: "This morning I and another girl got up extra early, at seven o'clock, and dressed ourselves extra nicely to go to the station and help to welcome the Kaiserin, who seems remarkably popular. The streets through or over which the railway passes were only decked with an occasional pole decorated with a trophy of flags, but the station was truly gorgeous. It was arranged with a special division or compartment, in which were the local swells of Bonn in great state; then, on either

side were places for the others. I was only an 'other,' but I managed—you will say that was like an American—to get a real good place. Then, just opposite the spot where the royal compartment would stop was a row of quaint little schoolchildren, all in white, with bunches of flowers, and one more important *Fräulein* with such a lovely bouquet! At a few minutes past nine in slowly steamed the special, its engine glorious, wreathed like the Sacred Bull, but its engine-driver somewhat depressing, being, indeed, clad in dark and solemn black, and reminding me irresistibly of the man who drives the hearse in dear, delightful, much-abused London. Her Imperial Highness did not get out, but came most obligingly to the carriage door, and I had a real lovely view of her. I like her face so very much—so amiable, so gracious. There were the usual attendants, and as to the address, I need hardly enlarge on that. Such addresses, whether in German, in English, in Italian, and, doubtless, in Russian or Spanish, of which I cannot speak with experience, are always run in the same mould. Then there came the departure, amid more gracious smiles and much bowing and cheering, and the Sacred Bull—I mean engine—was driven off to Cologne by the undertaker's man, and we all went home to change our frocks. I must just tell you there is one thing here I hate: one has to guard one's every word, or one is liable to imprisonment for treason. Fancy that in these enlightened days! However, I have not been shut up yet. Don't say no one ever did 'shut up' an American girl, or I will never forgive you."

Something just written about Dickens reminds a correspondent of the first and last time he ever met him. "I was walking with my uncle," he says, "whom he knew well, down the Strand. The 'Tale of Two Cities' was then being rehearsed before its appearance at the Lyceum. I don't fancy the rehearsals took place at that theatre itself, but at the Olympic. Well, Dickens buttonholed my relative, and there was an adjournment into the Somerset, now Finch's. I, a youth of fifteen, was regaled with a heart cake and a glass of cloves. I can't remember their form of refreshment. Although I had not been introduced, I knew very well in whose company I was. The conversation between Dickens and my uncle was very animated. Suddenly Dickens, catching my eye, looked straight at me and said, 'Do you know who I am?' 'Charles Dickens,' I answered. 'Charles Dickens it is,' he said, grinned, and then went on with talk about stage properties. As to any particular expression of face he may have had, it has quite failed from the mirror of memory. All that I can remember about him was his Yankee-sailor look and velvet collar to his blue coat.

"What worried Dickens most for a short time at the 'Two Cities' rehearsals was the scene where Carton comes to the prison cell to chloroform, or what not, Charles Darnay. He had an idea that when Carton stooped over Darnay, phial in hand, that a palpable vapour should be distinctly seen by the audience issuing from its neck. Otherwise the fact could not be grasped that anything had been done that could make him insensible. Over this the great author became intensely in earnest. At last he arrived at rehearsal with a mysterious something that was considered safe to do the business; however, it proved to be rather unsafe to do. When the cork was taken out a sharp sound was heard, the phial was dropped, and it went hopping about like a halfpenny cracker. Apropos of Sidney Carton in the picture by Fred Barnard, half of the face was taken from a woman."

Talk of orchids and prize cattle exhibitions, they are not to be mentioned in the same breath with a donkey show. The grounds of Lambeth Palace were crowded on Monday week with a distinguished company of costers and costeresses, not to mention the household baby, all cheerily assembled to commemorate a great occasion—the first donkey show ever held in Lambeth. An entire ostrich farm would not have come up to the requirements of the ladies' hats. And the cats'-meat merchants were, if possible, in greater form than they of the vegetables. Delicate raillery was a feature of the opposing competitors, and the ladies in particular indulged plenteously in large-mouthed badinage of pungent but good-humoured quality. Even the rival "asses," as they call them in Tipperary, seemed to realise their responsibilities, and appeared to be in a most hiccupping and tail-whisking excitement. Mr. Boulton, who holds the onerous post of Secretary to the People's Palace Donkey Show, acted as one of the judges, the Hon. Gilbert Johnstone and other gentlemen assisting. A metaphorical pat on the back, in the shape of half-a-crown, was awarded to those among the 'Enerys whose partners in trade evinced good feeding and treatment, and out of seventy donkeys half took certificates. William Owen, of Battersea, was the hero of the hour, his coster "turn-out" bearing off first prize for swagger equipment generally. Then there was a parade of Jack donkeys, Jennys, and proud owners inclusive, after which vigorous strains from the police band in attendance, and a speech from the hon. sec., in which he declared the donkey show knocked every other in the Old Kent Road. Finally, the proceedings were quenched in beer and rejoicings.



THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Walter Besant replies in the *Author* to my criticism of his calculation of the respective audiences enjoyed by Dickens and Mr. Kipling. Mr. Besant says that there are now 110 millions of English-speaking people, while in 1835 there were only forty millions, and that the proportion of readers to the population has enormously increased. "Again," says he, and I quote exactly, "there were no free libraries at all in 1835. There are now in Great Britain, America, and the colonies about four thousand. How many readers must be reckoned for one popular book before it falls to pieces? A thousand. Then a single popular writer reaches four million readers for four thousand copies of his books." No doubt Mr. Besant was perfectly serious when he performed this calculation. But I should think a book, after it had been read by a thousand people, would show signs of wear and tear, and I also think that there are several popular books in most private libraries that have been read by considerably fewer than a thousand people. I prefer to take the figures of sales, and, judging by these, no writer of the day is within sight of Dickens, even if you take only his lifetime.

Whoever is well paid or ill paid, there can be no doubt that authors, on the whole, receive better prices than they have ever done. I question if any historian, even Mr. Froude, could now sell his works for the enormous sums received by Principal Robertson, of Edinburgh, for his ponderous tomes, but the general level is high, and the market for good fiction is always very brisk. Journalism is also fairly well remunerated.

A singular demonstration of this is the fact that the University of Aberdeen cannot apparently find a really good candidate for its newly instituted chair of English Literature. There is an income of over £600, while the professor has a very long holiday, and yet no distinguished man of letters has come forward to take Professor Minto's place, and the appearances are that no one will. The only explanation is that London provides liberally for writers with anything to say.

The story that Mr. J. M. Barrie is writing another play for Mr. and Mrs. Charrington is entirely untrue. Mr. Barrie is at last well under way with his new novel, and hopes to be near the end by Christmas.

"Cavalleria Rusticana," the name of the new volume of the Pseudonym Library, should prove an attractive one. The book contains half-a-dozen short tales of Sicilian life, the first being the one on which Mascagni founded his famous opera.

The collection has, of course, no claim to be included in a Pseudonym series, for the writer of the stories, Giovanni Verga, one of the few living novelists of first rank in Europe, has no other signature than his own name. As has been pointed out elsewhere, the publisher has taken it for granted that Verga is unknown in England. Possibly this may be correct to a large extent; but, at least, we have before now been given opportunity of reading in English two of his greatest works, "The House by the Medlar Tree" and "Master Don Gesualdo." These were excellently translated by Miss Craig, and published by Messrs. Osgood.

The translator of this volume of short stories, Alma Strettell, is well known for her skilful and poetic renderings of some of the folk songs of the south of Europe, and she has put these Sicilian tales into pithy English, which is just what they want from a translator.

The stories are mostly tragical, even the humorous ones. Their humour, indeed, is of a grim kind, for Verga has not been struck with the pleasantness of rural life in his native island or in Italy. But they never ask your pity for the miseries they chronicle. They demand it in the short, forcible way of setting the actual miseries before your eyes for you to look at. Verga does not soften the case much in consideration for your feelings, and he makes no comment.

Except for their struggle against hunger and death, which are things of no particular epoch, these Sicilian peasants seem to have little part at all in modern life as we know it. With their knives and their mystery plays, they transport us altogether to the Middle Ages, or farther. But Verga knows how to discover and to make plain to seeing eyes the human links by which they are bound to us. One of the stories, "Nedda," will probably call up to not a few readers Mr. Hardy's "Tess." The Sicilian girl is not like the English one in character, and their fortunes are not at all points similar, but there is something in the setting and the scenery of "Nedda," and in its sympathy too, that reminds one of the other and suggests interesting comparisons.

The clever and witty Scotch philosopher, Dr. Hutchison Stirling, is going to publish a book on "Darwinianism: Workmen and Work." The "workmen" are the Darwins, grandfather, father, and son, who are each "psychologically characterised at full." The "work" is the theory of natural selection, taken up and point by point gone into. Dr. Stirling is a metaphysician of great power, and was recommended by Carlyle for the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University as the one man competent to fill it. Another was preferred, and Dr. Stirling since then has not published much in book form. He was, however, for some years a constant contributor to the literary department of the defunct *Edinburgh Courier*, and few papers published more brilliant and scholarly criticisms than his were.

"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The appointment of Sir Henry Norman as Viceroy of India has come as a surprise to most people. Among the many suggested names his never appeared, yet he has done admirable work in India for very nearly half a century—in fact, from 1844, when he appeared as an ensign in the Bengal Army. Since the days of the Mutiny, no commoner, except Sir John Lawrence, has held the post. The *Calcutta Englishman* regards the appointment as "one of the most remarkable acts ever performed by Mr. Gladstone."

All the troops who were engaged in Burmah and in Lushai between 1889 and 1892 are to be awarded the Burmese medal of 1854, with special clasps.

The news of the despatch of a British mission to Cabul has caused much excitement among the native population of Afghanistan; the intelligence having brought the Ameer into somewhat bad odour with his subjects.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen are well on their way to Canada by this time. On Wednesday they bade Mr. Gladstone farewell at Blackraig.

Canada's fishing exhibit at the World's Fair is acknowledged to be the best sent in by any country. It has been awarded twenty-one medals in the different classes.

Several of the big towns of Canada are being favoured by a visit from the English military tournament team—consisting of ninety men and two hundred horses—which has been performing at the World's Fair. This team goes to New York on Friday week, and remains there until November.

On the other hand, the Canadian Comptroller of Customs has caused a sensation by declining to allow the landing of a body of Ohio militiamen, who were to give an exhibition drill at Ontario. He holds that no armed body of foreign troops can be allowed to land in the Dominion.

A heresy hunt is not unknown in the New World. Canada is on the hunt at the present moment, the game being Professor Campbell, of the Montreal Presbyterian Theological College, who disbelieves the "entire inerrancy of the inspired revelation of the Old Testament." Professor Campbell was cited to appear for trial before the Presbytery yesterday.

Toronto is greatly exercised over the question of Sunday cars. The Sabbatarians have scored a rather narrow victory for the time being, but the agitation is not at an end.

The Earl of Kintore is to continue to act as Governor of South Australia for his full term of six years, but he is to take a six months' furlough, commencing in November, when he will come home to look after urgent private affairs.

The Premier of New South Wales declares that the rumours of the annexation of the New Hebrides by the French are groundless. They originated in the action of certain persons who wished to serve their own business interests.

Work is to be supplied to the unemployed of the colony by the Mines Department on the goldfields. It is possible that every man selected will be supplied with a miner's right—that is, the right to occupy a quarter of an acre of land, with the privileges of the bona-fide digger.

Is child-farming common in Australia? The fact that another sensational case has been discovered at Brunswick, the north-eastern suburb of Melbourne, is not at all reassuring.

The final reply of the Transvaal Government in regard to the proposed settlement of the Swaziland question is on its way to this country. President Krüger is reported to be dissatisfied with the manner in which Great Britain has treated the question.

Mr. Daverin, the Cape Commissioner at the World's Fair, predicts for the colony a development as rapid and as great as in the United States during the past half-century, and he holds out that its goldfields will soon take precedence over those of Australia.

The Mashonas are described by the English chaplain at Victoria, Mashonaland, as a broken-down nation. The great difference which exists between them and their neighbours, the Matabele, becomes visible at once. The Mashonas are a complete wreck physically, intellectually, and also morally. It is said that if the white men do not protect them they will emigrate from the country.

On the other hand, a trader known as "Matabele" Wilson considers that the sooner the Matabele is wiped out the better it will be for humanity. In thirty years there have been only three converts to Christianity.



MISS ROSE COGHLAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

CLARITY.

BY GEORGE MOORE.

A blind man stands in a narrow passage, under a south-west wall, waiting for alms. He is there early and late, from six in the morning till six in the evening. Eight or nine hours of silent waiting for alms is the lot of this patient human creature. He is there in snow, in frost, in wet, and shine. Always alone, not even the familiar dog with him, and he never



He brings a stool with him, on which he sits part of the day.

speaks except to answer, "Thank 'ee, Sir," when a passer-by slips a "copper" into his pathetic hands. He brings a stool with him, on which he sits part of the day, otherwise there is no change in his attitude; neither smiles nor frowns, nor any change of expression: patience and resignation are all we read on that blighted face. Vain hopes and fears have ceased to trouble and torture him, and now he sits conscious of little but the coming and going of footsteps.

At mid-day he takes a bowl from his wallet; he feeds himself with a spoon, and the sight of this solitary meal chills me to the heart. I think that if he had a dog the meal would be deprived of half its loneliness. A dog would make his existence comprehensible. I can imagine a companionship intense and profound, surpassing our affections, moments intensely their own, when a word brings the faithful dog on his knees. But between this man and life all the links seemed severed; only one remained, the cold link of charity. I asked myself why he lived. I searched my heart for a reason. The whirl of winter was already in the air, and I glanced down the perspective of suffering that awaited him. He could not see the driven leaves, but he could hear November. Yet I noted no sign of fear on his face, only the pallor of resignation.

One day I heard his voice calling to me. Had he recognised my step? No. He had called to ask the time, that was all. I told him my watch had stopped, that I could not say whether it was half-past or a quarter to seven. In the moment of uttering the words I remembered that it could matter little to the blind man whether it was half-past or a quarter to, and his answer—"Thank 'ee, Sir, but it don't much matter to me what time it is." Without thinking, I slipped some money into his hand, and then, with a fuller conception of the uselessness of this life, I fell

to thinking that our charity was reprehensible not only because it maintained the incurably useless in life, but for another and a more convincing reason, because it unnaturally prolonged human suffering. Were I and others to withhold our alms, the blind man would sooner or later perish either of cold or hunger, or, may be, he might take his fate into his own hands and end his misery. It is deemed a kindness to put a suffering animal out of its misery; why should we subscribe for the continuation of the misery of a human being? A little frightened at the temerity of this reasoning, I assured myself of the absolute freedom of the individual to choose the direction his charity should take. I could give but a certain amount, wherefore should I continue to help to support one who no longer appealed to my reasonable sympathies? I smiled at these thoughts, and so attempted to deceive myself that they merely represented a certain playfulness of mind, and could by no means be taken as a true expression of my feeling on this sad subject. Otherwise I was a murderer in intent.

The winter was an exceedingly bitter one—frost, snow, hail, and rain alternated through February, and glancing at the numbed hands as I passed, I thought that he must soon succumb. No human being, I said, can resist such exposure. Eight hours a day in 'cold and darkness and silence! St. Simon Stylites did not suffer as this man. Endless choirs of angels sang the saint out of pain, and his pillar was a watch-tower whence he saw his soul far away in the presence of God. But this poor man knows no such consolations; his blind eyes do not see, perchance, beyond the grave, and he does not die because he dares not cease to suffer pain. Why, said my thought, should I connive in such folly? I demand that my alms shall promote happiness and not suffering—there is too much suffering in the world. And seeing at that moment a passer-by slip a coin into his hands, I thought how ill-considered were such alms. But was I prepared to say that I would have the world withhold its charity, and allow the



He had called to ask the time.

poor blind man to die of hunger? I hesitated to form an opinion, feeling, however, that so far as that blind man was concerned my charitable impulse had worn itself out. I often questioned myself as to the cause, and was shocked when a voice from the bottom of my soul whispered, "Because there is no personal satisfaction in this charity. He does not distinguish between one giver and another, and your egotism



I sat under the budding limes.

feels defrauded of looks and words of gratitude. You are wearied of the 'Thank 'ee, Sir, thank 'ee'; for you the man has lost his humanity; for you he is a poor-box with a mechanical voice."

I was shocked by the discovery of so much meanness in my soul. I argued with myself, but somehow I was always too much pressed for time to stop, or the weather was too cold to permit me to unbutton my overcoat to get at the pocket in which I kept my loose cash. Months passed; not once did I slip a penny into his poor numbed hands. I merely examined my conscience. I wondered if he could detect the hesitation which bespeaks a charitable impulse. I wondered if he remembered the footstep that his face used to stay, but which to-day, yesterday, and all the week had passed, neglectful of him. I felt my conduct to be despicable, odious, hateful, and yet I withheld my alms, avoiding that way out of the Temple, or shuffling my feet as I went by, glancing—only glancing—at the face so woe-begone and so noble in truly sublime resignation. Throughout the long winter's wet and cold he sat under the south-west wall, his case of pencils—touching little subterfuge—on his knees, glad to receive, but never asking, alms. It was not until the beginning of spring that I noticed any change in his patient face. The soft bleat of April was in the air; the London bushes were lit with green, and with a step full of the elasticity of spring, and with my heart a-hum with the happiness of spring, I passed quickly through the Temple. I thought of the beautiful river prospect, the perspective magical in morning mist, the hay-boats borne on the summer tide through the great bridges. There was neither sorrow nor remembrance of sorrow in me that day. I had forgotten the poor blind man whom I should find sitting under the south-west wall, and so intent was I on my own happiness that I nearly passed without seeing him. Another step would have taken me past him. But in blind eyes tears are inexpressibly sad, and I went and asked him the cause of his grief.

"Thank 'ee, Sir; 'tis very good of ye to ask. I shouldn't give way like this. The gentlemen passing this way is very good, and I never says nothing; but I've been very unlucky of late. The weather 'as been that bad that there ain't been many about, and my takings 'as dropped off. I've lost more than a shilling a week, and that 's pretty near my week's dinner money—it runs to about threepence a day, and yer don't get much for that. Well enough in the warm weather, but not enough to keep the cold out. It is terrible 'ard, Sir, to sit 'ere on an empty stomach, Sir."

Seeing that the case of lead pencils was empty, I said, "I see you have sold all your pencils?"

"No, Sir, they was taken from me. You asked me just now what I was crying about; it was about them pencils. A rough lot of people 'as been about 'ere lately, and what they generally does is to pay me for about 'alf of what they takes, or else they takes the cedars and pays for the plain deal pencils. So I've been out of cedars this long while, and have no money to get a fresh stock."

"But the common deal pencils?"

"I had a few of them left till this morning, but, 'earing no boys about, I put my case aside—for one tires of always 'olding it on one's knees, Sir. I don't know how they managed it, Sir; my ears is tolerable quick. S'pose they must have bided their time till a lot of barristers was coming out, and then stayed behind; in corse, among a number of steps a few might stay behind without my noticing it. Any'ow, they managed it some'ow, and they've cleaned me out."

"But," I said, "it is not on what you make by selling pencils that you live; you rely principally on what people give you?"

"Yes, Sir, the gentlemen passing in and out this way is very kind to me. But I never asks them for nothing; no one can say I ever

begged a penny from anybody. I always 'ad my pencils; they was a bit of trading like another, and so long as they lasted I didn't mind. But I couldn't come here without them like a common beggar—indeed, I couldn't, Sir. I allus tried to keep meself respectable like, and couldn't break meself to it now."

The silver tinkle of the spring was in the air; joy had come back to the world; and in the generous mood of the day, forgetful of the fact that I was prolonging his suffering, I repaired all my winter omissions, and with a new supply of pencils set him afloat once more in miserable life. The day was so beautiful that it was a beautiful thing to give; I yielded to the impulse of the season, and excused myself, saying, "We only know of our own joys and sorrows. That man may be happier than I. The spring is here—what joy may it not be to him? His right is to live while he may. Life comes we know not whence nor how, and its meaning is hidden from us."

I went up the steps and sat under the budding limes in Fountain Court. The fountain rippled, pigeons floated from parapet to parapet, and I seemed to see into the great heart of nature. All the winter I had said that that blind man was useless in life, yet all the winter he was teaching a touching and beautiful lesson in that most beautiful of all human virtues, resignation. Then, delivered from the obsession of an outrageous self, freed from a miserable and imprisoning individuality, I lost consciousness, and was absorbed in the joy of the universal sun.

THE JIMP LITTLE JAP.

The Goddess of Beauty is changing her name,
Her face, and, I fancy, her figure;
She once was a splendidly statuesque dame,
But now may be black as a nigger.
Once Greece was her home; you now cross the map
As far as the Straits of Corea,
And then doff the cap
To the jimp little Jap—
To some it's a crazy idea.



The names of the past had a musical ring,
The owners no mannish bravado;
They've now a cacophonous ending like "Sing"—
Of Mr. Gilbert's "Mikado."
Yet what's in a name? There is scarcely a scrap
Of use in discussion so flimsy,
There's beauty, mayhap,
In the Lap and the Jap—
It's purely a matter of whimsy. J. M. D.

A SWEET SINGER FROM OVER THE SEA.

A CHAT WITH KATHARINE TYNAN.

As I walked up from the station (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), and made my way through rows of prim villas to the still countrified cottage, standing on the edge of breezy country, to which Miss Katharine Tynan (now Mrs. Harry Hinkson) has removed her household gods, I could not help thinking of her early home, beautiful



Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

MISS KATHARINE TYNAN.

White Hall, Clondalkin, at the foot of the Dublin Mountains, where it had once been my privilege and pleasure to see her, and which she has herself so exquisitely described in her last volume of verse—

A low horizon hems me in,
Low hills with fields of gold between,
Woods that are waving, veiled with grey,
A little river far away,
Birds on the boughs, and on the sward
Daisies that, dancing, praise the Lord.

Outside my window I can see
The bent boughs of an apple-tree,
Where little fruits turn rosier;
And every evening of the year
I watch the golden sunset die
Yonder in the wide western sky.

But soon the apparent limits of the London suburb are passed, and it becomes easy to see why Ealing has proved dear to more than one poetic heart, for among Mrs. Hinkson's nearest neighbours here is Mr. Austin Dobson.

A little gate swings back, and you are welcomed with true Irish hospitality, not only by the lady you have come to see, but by Paddy, a huge St. Bernard, who seems to have taken quite kindly to an alien soil. Mrs. Hinkson's bright little study-parlour has already assumed a homelike and characteristic air. Fine photographs of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's pictures, given to the young Irish poetess by the dead painter's brother, Mr. William Rossetti, hang in close proximity to her writing-table, and give even a stranger an insight into her complex personality. Close to the beautiful and severe "Girlhood of Mary" hangs "Proserpine," and "Mary Magdalene at the door of Simon, the Pharisee," "Dante's Dream," the portrait of Christina Rossetti and her mother, and a striking counterfeit presentment of the artist himself, show how true and wide are Mrs. Hinkson's sympathies.

In a few picturesque words she describes her happy childhood in the Dominican convent. "No, I do not think I was at all a literary child,"

she says, smiling; and then is brought out for your inspection a quaint prayer-book, in which the "Katie" of fifteen years ago jotted down her thoughts in church, when the service seemed to her too long or uninteresting—sentences written in a bold, childish hand, which show that there was not a little of the "old Adam" left, notwithstanding all the good nuns could do.

"I began writing," she continues, "when I was about seventeen, and my first volume, 'Louise de la Vallière, and other Poems,' was published in 1885. It went into two editions, and made me many unknown friends, among others, the late Lord Lytton, Aubrey de Vere, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Cardinal Newman, and Alice Meynell—all wrote me the kindest letters, and when I came to London, shortly after, I made the acquaintance of the Rossettis and of many others whom I had never expected to know save through their books."

"You must possess many curious autographs," I venture to observe.

"I will show you what I have," she answers simply, and produces a quaint black book, in which are placed some two score of precious letters, including a long epistle from Cardinal Manning, in which he pays his correspondent the high compliment of saying, "The least merit in your poems is the very pure diction." No small tribute from a man who, not to please his best friend, would have condescended to the least flattery.

"I believe that you have written not a little prose, as well as poetry, Mrs. Hinkson?"

"Many years passed before I attempted to write in prose. First I brought out a second volume of verse, entitled 'Shamrocks', then an American editor, who knew my work, asked me to try writing some articles for him, and since then I have written constantly for both American and English magazines and reviews. But the only prose book which I have published was the Life of Mother Xavieria Fallon, the Superioress-General of the Loretto Order. I called it 'A Nun, her Friends, and her Order,' and, of course, it was greatly compiled from notes given me by the sisters who had known her. Last year I edited a selection of Irish love-songs for Mr. Fisher Unwin, and brought out my third volume of poetry, 'Ballads and Lyrics.' But Messrs. Mathews and Lane will publish some time this autumn more of my verse, and I hope soon to bring out a collection of short stories, or rather sketches, of Irish life."

"Then have you any regular time for work, or do you allow inspiration to be your taskmaster?"

"I find that I can do my best writing in the evening, but I have no fixed rule, and work as I feel able."

And then, as we walk up and down the path which winds through the green, sweet-smelling wilderness, fast turning into a charming cottage garden, where fruit, flowers, and the elements of a kitchen garden struggle together for mastery, Mrs. Hinkson tells me a little of the ardent interest she takes in Irish politics, past and present.

"You will understand something of our views," she says softly, "when I tell you that there is a portrait of Mr. Parnell in every room in our house"; and then, in answer to a discreet question, she confides the fact that, although he claims no pretensions to being a brother-poet, her husband has strong literary sympathies and tastes, and wrote on the occasion of Trinity College Tercentenary an account of "Student Life in Trinity College," of which ancient *Alma Mater* he was alternately both student and tutor. Even at the present time, though actively engaged in other work, Mr. Hinkson has found time to translate a novel from the German.

"And do you like London," I ask as a last question, "after lovely Clondalkin?"

"Comparisons are odious," she replies contentedly. "I do not think I should care to live altogether in town; but next winter I hope to see a little more of the world. For the present I have only found time to attend one or two literary dinners."

CURIOUS COLUMBUS LORE.

The Columbian Exhibition has, of course, given rise to a large crop of Columbus anecdotes. The one about the Englishman (in America absurd stories are always put into the mouth of an Englishman) who said he did not see how Columbus could help discovering America, seeing he had set sail that way and that the country was so darned big, is probably an old Joe Miller, but some are new and merit preservation. Here are a few: Columbus, on landing, addressed the savages who surrounded his ship with, "Savages, you are discovered. Henceforward you are free-born Americans. He then cabled to the King of Spain, "Discovery happily accomplished. Details by mail." This is history perverted by Americans, who love a joke at all costs. Again, it was truly remarked that Columbus was by no means the first white man who had discovered the great continent. "True, stranger; but there's this difference between Columbus's discovery and the other folks', that only after Columbus discovered America did it *stay discovered!*" The exact reproductions of Columbus's three caravels, the Santa Maria, Nina, and Pinta, which crossed the Atlantic and arrived at Chicago early in July, were the objects of universal attention and curiosity, and their crews were as much fêted as though they had been the very folk who had first set foot on the New World's shores. But the Spanish name of caravel for this species of ship was only comprehensible to the cultured, as the following anecdote, overheard in a horse-car, proves. Two smartly-dressed "helps." Saith No. 1 to No. 2, "Have you heard? Columbus's caramels have arrived." Saith No. 2, "Say, have they? Then, did he bring his own? Didn't he like ours?" "The States, as is well known, are famous for their "candies" and "caramels," at which men, women, and children munch all day.



"MY FACE IS MY FORTUNE, SIR," SHE SAID.

DRAWN BY ROBERT SAUBER.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The odd publication by Mr. H. Nisbet upon the foundations of art has called forth a good deal of adverse criticism, some of which has been well deserved, some, on the contrary, out of all proportion. We grant that Mr. Nisbet's audacity, which is always meant to be clever, is very often crude and irritating, and his judgments are often as foolish as they

normally accurate. In canvas, however, outside any historical interest of, say, a Cimabue, or of an earlier period, before the laws of perspective were apprehended, we no longer tolerate a deviation from absolute accuracy; and it is notorious that the drawing of the *Ansidei Madonna*, particularly, for example, the position of John the Baptist's left leg, leaves more than a little to be desired. Taking the matter all in all, we are not quite sure that Mr. Nisbet has not valued the picture generally at the price which might justly have been given for it. That the nation, as a matter of fact, gave £70,000 is neither here nor there.

A few minor points of this kind have been raised by the consideration of Mr. Nisbet's hostile critics. We have no particular interest in this writer's general theses, nor do we appreciate his onslaught upon Pre-Raphaelitism when, in his criticism of a recently dead novelist, he deals with some minor errors of fact in connection with wood-graining in a manner worthy of the most fanatical Pre-Raphaelite. These points, we have said, are not necessary to carry further; but one likes to see even a minor art critic treated with more respect than by a system of question-begging interrogatories.

The history of art is to be sifted and discussed at so venerable a home of art as Nuremberg in the closing week of September by a congress well fitted for the undertaking of such an achievement. A most learned record of the events to be commemorated has been announced, and, whether or not the public will put itself out of the way to endure its own enlightenment, it will not be the fault of the learned professors, who are resolved that the public shall be enlightened. Dr. Hampe, for example, will deliver an address on German art and literature as these great branches of human learning appeared in the fifteenth century. A laborious professor of Christiania will read a paper on "The Timber Architecture of Norway," and another of Prague is to deal—as with a trifle—with "Mediæval Cracow and its Relation to German Art." There will be such casual matter discussed as the advantage of the sciopicon to teachers of the history of art; and the customary visits will be paid to various places of artistic interest, when the usual lectures in connection with such visits will be delivered.

Mr. David Murray is a man, an artist, and an Associate of the Royal Academy. This latter institution he represented, the other day, at a banquet given by the Liverpool Artists' Club to the Hangers of the Autumn Exhibition. On that occasion he was inspired to take up the defence of the Academy from recent hostile attacks against that institution. His argument, in brief, was this: I am an Academician; you want to be: it is the best paying game, so be an Academician; the Academy has, after all, had a multitude of good names upon its rolls; therefore, let us fight for the Academy. It will be seen that in following such a line of argument Mr. Murray scarcely touched upon the essential nature of the present quarrel between the Academy and its critics. The past record of any institution has not exactly much concern with any present demand for reform; but it is a quarrel with which we have no present desire to interfere, and that observation will suffice for our purpose.

The Mayor of Bristol recently opened the Bristol Industrial and Fine Art Exhibition, which is said to possess, beyond other material of



CUPID AND PSYCHE.—GEORGE ROMNEY.

Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.

are rash. No words, indeed, could well be too severe for a writer who positively chooses to apologise for Rembrandt's "abominable drawing," or who "turns with a sigh of relief" from Holbein to Murillo.

But Mr. Nisbet has been blamed with an equal severity for venturing to lecture Mr. Ruskin as an art critic, although it is not quite clear that he who has so often lectured himself should not be capable of being lectured by another. Nor can we altogether understand why, upon other grounds, Mr. Ruskin should be compelled to enjoy an immunity from criticism because he happens to be an eminent man of letters. Mr. Nisbet is the captain of his own mind, and if he elects to differ from Mr. Ruskin, and to give voice to his difference, we cannot see why he should be blamed for that essential fact, apart, of course, from the manner in which he performs his self-appointed task.

"What is to be said," exclaims a critic, "of an art critic who thinks the *Ansidei Madonna*, which the nation bought for £70,000, more suitable for a stained-glass window than to be framed as a picture, and is pleased to value it, frame included, at £7500?" The question implies a large assumption. The fact that the nation paid so large a sum for the canvas evidently weighs so severely on the writer's apprehension that he is rendered by that very fact incapable of aught but astonishment in the face of a view so completely different from that expressed by the representatives of public authority. As a matter of fact, setting for a moment on one side the question of value, we are not sure that the picture reduced to stained glass would not have found a more suitable vocation than the one provided for it.

One tolerates bad drawing in stained glass. The veins of the glass that connect piece by piece the various details of the picture of themselves imply a certain variation from the



POLNEY LOCH, DUNKELD. WALTER SEVERN.

Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.

interest, a really good loan collection of pictures. Many of these, however, to give a particular local interest to the subject, are from the brush of former distinguished citizens of Bristol, such as James and Heywood Hardy, Müller, Curnock, and J. B. Pyne. Among examples of these artists are scattered others of Professor Herkomer, Mr. T. S. Cooper, Mr. Briton Rivière, Sir John Millais, and the late Mr. Vicat Cole. For Bristol, therefore, such an Exhibition must be quite an event, which will give the stay-at-homes of its city some sort of an

A very interesting set of drawings by J. Gülich appear as illustrations of a story by Mr. J. Keighley Snowden in the current issue of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. The line is suggestive and delicate, and the female figure is quite charmingly idealised. One drawing, particularly, of a young girl in the act of pushing back a bush, watched by two men, is refined as composition, and has quite a characteristic beauty of its own. In fact, the general illustrations of this interesting magazine are excellent. We select one of them as an example.



"THERE SHE SAT, HER THIN HANDS LYING OPEN ON HER LAP."
Illustration by J. Gülich, engraved by W. Biscombe Gardner, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

insight into the critical task which is set for the accomplishment of the London public year by year at Burlington House.

The Art Gallery of the Guildhall is continually being made richer by munificent presents on the part of various benefactors. Lately we had Sir John Gilbert making the present of his canvases, which now line two walls of the exhibition, and now Sir R. Hanson has presented to it S. Scott's view of the first Westminster Bridge, which, being dated 1747, gives an idea of the bridge when it was first new, and certainly presents London, in its perspective of river, bridge, and lining houses, from a strikingly picturesque standpoint, reminding one strongly of similar paintings now hanging in the National Gallery of Venice by Canaletto.

By-the-way, are not many of our magazine illustrators worshipping too devoutly at the shrine of the Goddess of Smudge? Impressionism is all very well—though much which borrows that title is very bad—but in not a few cases it is made to hide carelessness of style and lack of study, of which the older school of illustrators would be ashamed. The gradual superseding of engraving by the popular "process-work" accounts for some of the hasty, hideous illustrations which appear in some of the magazines, for the engraver used to endow even this style of drawing with a dignity often overlooked by those who attributed the entire merit to the artist. Engravers rarely received their due meed of praise when in the zenith of their power. "Process-work" proves what we lose by faithful reproduction of the original drawing.



À L'ATELIER.—P. L. INGELRANS.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

A CHAT WITH MR. DUDLEY HARDY.

Mr. Hardy—for the “Dudley” is only a Christian name—was tidying the studio when I entered. “Tidying” was what he called the process of moving things from places where they clearly ought not to be to others equally inappropriate. He looked up as I came in, and then said,



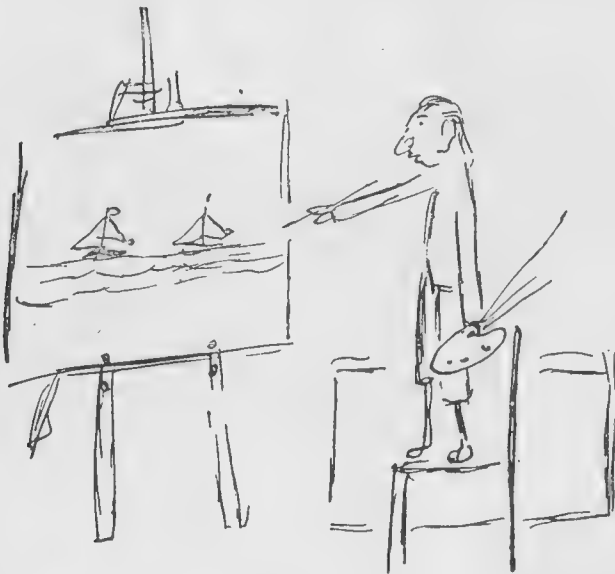
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. DUDLEY HARDY.

“I don’t want a model, thank you—oh, I see, but I don’t need any life studies—I beg pardon—you’ve come to interview me for *The Sketch*? By all means.”

“I hear you are going abroad, Mr. Hardy; is it true?”

“Yes; I’m going to Italy this month. Why? To see the country and take a holiday—that is to say, paint. Painting’s a real holiday to me. You see, when I’m in town I am nearly always doing black-and-white—people keep coming to ask me for drawings and bringing cheques, so what am I to do? But it’s painting that I love.”



Number 1. & improving poor picture

MR. DUDLEY HARDY’S EARLY WORK.

There were plenty of signs of his love for painting—palettes, brushes, paints, half-finished pictures all about, and paint everywhere.

“Yes,” he said; “I come of a painting family, for my father—T. B. Hardy—is a painter chiefly of water-colour sea pieces, whose work you must know.” (Of course I do, since he is really in the front rank of marine painters, and I have five of his works.) “I was born in Yorkshire—in fact, I come from Sheffield—and the happy event occurred in 1866. I’ve been abroad a good deal. I was at Boulogne at school for four years, then at University College a year and a half. My father left me to decide at the age of fifteen whether I would take up art as a profession. I had always shown a great fondness for drawing, and ever since I was old enough to hold a pencil I’ve used one.”

By Mr. Hardy’s permission we reproduce some drawings of a very early date.

“I went to Dusseldorf to study painting when I was fifteen. At the end of a year the professors said I couldn’t draw, had no talent, and was the worst in the schools, so they turned me out. A week later I showed the professors some sketches made outside the school, and they were so pleased by them they took me in again, but said I should never become a figure painter. Before I left I sold the drawings to an American for £40, and came home with £10. What became of the £30? Oh, debts. I always have debts. I keep my accounts so badly.”

“What do you think of German art?”

“It’s hard to say. I saw some stunning work at the schools, full of life and go, but even the most brilliant men seem to become too timid and conventional afterwards. Still, the drawing is clever, and the



Number 2 all I got for it

Dudley Hardy 1876

Fliegende Blätter is one of the smartest and most *chic* illustrated papers in the world. After Dusseldorf I worked in London for a while with my father and at Calderon’s studio, and then went to Antwerp, which I think a splendid school. After my first year there I kept myself by my painting. I was then eighteen years old, and had a tough task sometimes—purchasers were scarce and had shallow pockets. However, I scraped along somehow. Stayed at Antwerp two years, then came back to London and worked with my father, and afterwards went to Paris.”

“People always say your work is very French,” I observed.

“Well, it was even before I went to Antwerp, and what you call very French is really my natural manner, that’s all. I worked in the studios of Colin, Dagnan Bouveret, and Carl Rossi. Then, on a visit to London, I got the idea of painting a picture of the poor, homeless folk asleep in Trafalgar Square. The subject fascinated me so, I spent some months making sketches, then I returned with them to Paris and set to work to paint. I did it on a big scale, 18 ft. by 13 ft. Of course, it took me a long time, though I worked hard and fast.”

Mr. Hardy then showed me some sketches and a rather fine photo of the powerful picture.

“What did I do with it? Sent it to the Salon under the title ‘Sans Asile.’ It was well hung, and attracted great attention. Albert Wolff, of the *Figaro*, devoted half a column to it. You’ll find his critique in that bundle of notices. After the Salon I brought it over to London, and it was exhibited in Soho, afterwards at the Spanish Exhibition.

Since then it’s been to the Munich Exhibition, and on a tour through Germany.”

“How is it you haven’t sold it?” I asked maliciously.

“Well, you see, it’s too large for most private buyers, and, moreover, I am too fond of the ‘gem’ to part with it, except at a big figure, unless it were to some public institution. Why, it cost me at least £300 to paint.”

"And the Academy? I've seen some of your pictures there."

"My first was exhibited in 1883. This year I've only two small ones. Last year was 'The Moors in Spain'; the year before, a 'Flight into Egypt,' and in '90 a big picture, 'The Dock Strike,' which was bought at the private view. I don't want to settle down yet to any particular style. I'm sowing my wild oats. Everything seems paintable, and when an idea comes into my head I don't feel happy till I've painted it; and when I see any new kind of brush work I want to see how it's done, so I try to do it. You know, if a fellow settles down young into a style, he's bound to become mechanical in the end. At the seaside I want to paint the water, in the country the trees and hills; and in town the people and all types of them; and then when I wish to have a colour treat I try a subject picture, and lay it on thick. You learn such a lot from experiments."

"Still, with all the oil and water colour, you do an immense amount of black-and-white."

"Yes, more than I like to; and it's hard work, too, when it comes to illustrating stories. Some of them are tough reading."

"And when did you begin?" I asked.

"Before I went to Antwerp I drew Soudan war pictures for the *Pictorial World*: I was living at Hampstead then. Somewhat later I worked for the *Lady's Pictorial*. When in Paris I had a commission from the *Illustrated London News*. What I've been doing lately you have seen. Yes, I'm giving up as much black-and-white as I can,



Pa givin mee advice

though I mean to keep on work for *The Sketch* and *The News*. By-the-bye," he said, somewhat irrelevantly, "two of my sisters, Flo and Jessie, work for the illustrated papers; all six of them can draw, and 'Jack' is a clever musician as well."

"Are you fond of music?" I asked.

"Yes," he said emphatically, and going to a piano in a corner of the studio sat down and sang a song to me. He has a fine, rich voice and very emotional method of singing. I inquired if he ever thought of being a public singer.

"Yes," he replied, "but some friends of mine, musical critics, say they'll give up their profession if I do, so to save them from starvation I refrain. You should see me act. My friend Spence says I could draw as an actor, though he thinks I can't as an artist. Of course, I don't value his opinion, as he's only a dramatic critic."

I tried to draw Mr. Hardy on various art questions, but found him shy or discreet, and he took refuge in generalities. I learnt little about his theories of painting. Roughly speaking, he endeavours to draw things as he sees them. Between you and me, I think he has no more theories about painting than a nightingale about singing. He paints to please himself and reach his own ideal, and does black-and-white because those people who paint to please themselves are bound to have some other means of earning bread-and-butter than the brush for many years of their career.

I went round the studio with him, looking at some charming "Langham" sketches, and pictures finished and only just begun, and should have lingered indefinitely if a boy messenger had not arrived with an indignant message about some drawing without which the paper was quite "hung up." I left, feeling that it was a privilege to have met a young man unaffected, free from vanity, full of youth and enthusiasm for his art, and certain to reach a very high place in his profession by dint of energy and some quantity, at present immeasurable, of real genius.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

While men have been raging, scuffling, gagging, and slanging over so wretched and ephemeral a triviality as a Home Rule Bill, a question of the most enormous importance has been raised and decided, quietly and peacefully, with hardly a trace of conflict, save some mildly strong theological language in monthly reviews. It was advanced modestly by Professor Mivart, at once a keen scientific inquirer and a devout Roman Catholic, that there might be happiness in hell, or, to put it in less startling and alliterative terms, that the lot of those heretics and heathen who were not good enough or orthodox enough to escape upwards from Purgatory might be not so intolerable after all. But various doughty Jesuits fell upon the Professor with orthodox zeal, and now the Roman Inquisition—which, as its champions are careful to point out, is not the same as the Spanish Inquisition, and, indeed, never was, since Rome is not, and never was, in Spain—has pronounced its decision. There is, it would seem, no happiness in hell; the heretic is to find the next world as hot for him as he found this world in the good old days of the Spanish Inquisition. Not but what the Holy Office in Rome did a trifle in that line itself once, though it is not now convenient to recall the fact. So Rome has spoken, the genial Professor withdraws his thesis and is paternally patted on the back, and Father Clarke, the Jesuit, exults in the pages of the so-called *Nineteenth Century*.

I think, for my part,
That hell with Mivart
Would still be less dark
Than heaven with Clarke.

But it is historically odd that a Jesuit should lead the attack on a milder doctrine of future retribution. In former times it was the Jesuits who were easy-going and lenient to kings and princes; it was rather the stern and uncourtly Jansenists who would admit of no compromise, and stuck to the whole rigid and merciless Augustinian doctrine. Those Catholic Calvinists, as one might call them, would not have abated one degree Fahrenheit even of future retribution, and they would have denounced the mollification of a Mivart as a Jesuitical paltering with dogma. How have matters changed? Is it that Jesuit fathers no longer act as confessors to princes, or that princes no longer lead lax lives, or that the good fathers go on another tack and heighten the terrors of a future from which only they can enable their clients—I mean their penitents—to escape? However it be, the question is settled, and one only wonders why Jesuits should have so specially busied themselves in the matter, and why it was thought necessary to give an authoritative decision at all. Papal infallibility in the past was secured—so history teaches us—by waiting till any vexed question had been so far argued out that the issues were fairly clear, and that any tolerable decision was sure of acceptance by the wearied disputants. It is a pity that this rule was not followed in the recent dispute. Surely Jesuit theologians and members of the Holy Office might well have waited to determine the precise percentage of happiness in "another place" till they got there.

But there has always been a certain elaborate futility about the proceedings of the Jesuit Order. Their enormous activity and devotion, their zeal and practical skill, their knowledge of the world and of human nature, their genius for education—all have profited their Church but little in the end, and themselves less than a little. Like Napoleon III., they could not quite shake off the tricks of the conspirator, even when placed on the throne of the statesman. Their greatest victories have been disastrous. They triumphed in Poland, and the fanatical Catholic zeal that they fostered gave precisely the needed pretext for partitioning Poland. They triumphed in Bohemia, and the Czechs are doing their best to go the way of the Poles. They suppressed heresy in the Latin countries, and the Most Christian, the Catholic, and the Faithful Majesties arose, and with one accord bullied the Holy Father into suppressing them. Jesuit teachers trained the generation of philosophers and revolutionaries; Jesuit theologians have preached democratic doctrines that recoiled upon their own order with crushing force. Jesuit missions abroad, with whatever single-hearted zeal and skilful ordering they have been prosecuted, have mostly ended in relapse or political conflict and massacre. What is the secret of this monumental failure of centuries?

Jesuits have been accused of looking only to the end, and disregarding the means—of doing evil that good might come. This is an exaggeration and an injustice. I should rather say that they have devoted their attention and foresight to the goal, rather than to the ways by which it could be reached. They have chosen the method of the conspirator, and grasped at the crown, rather than wait with the statesman till the crown offered itself.

MARMITON.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

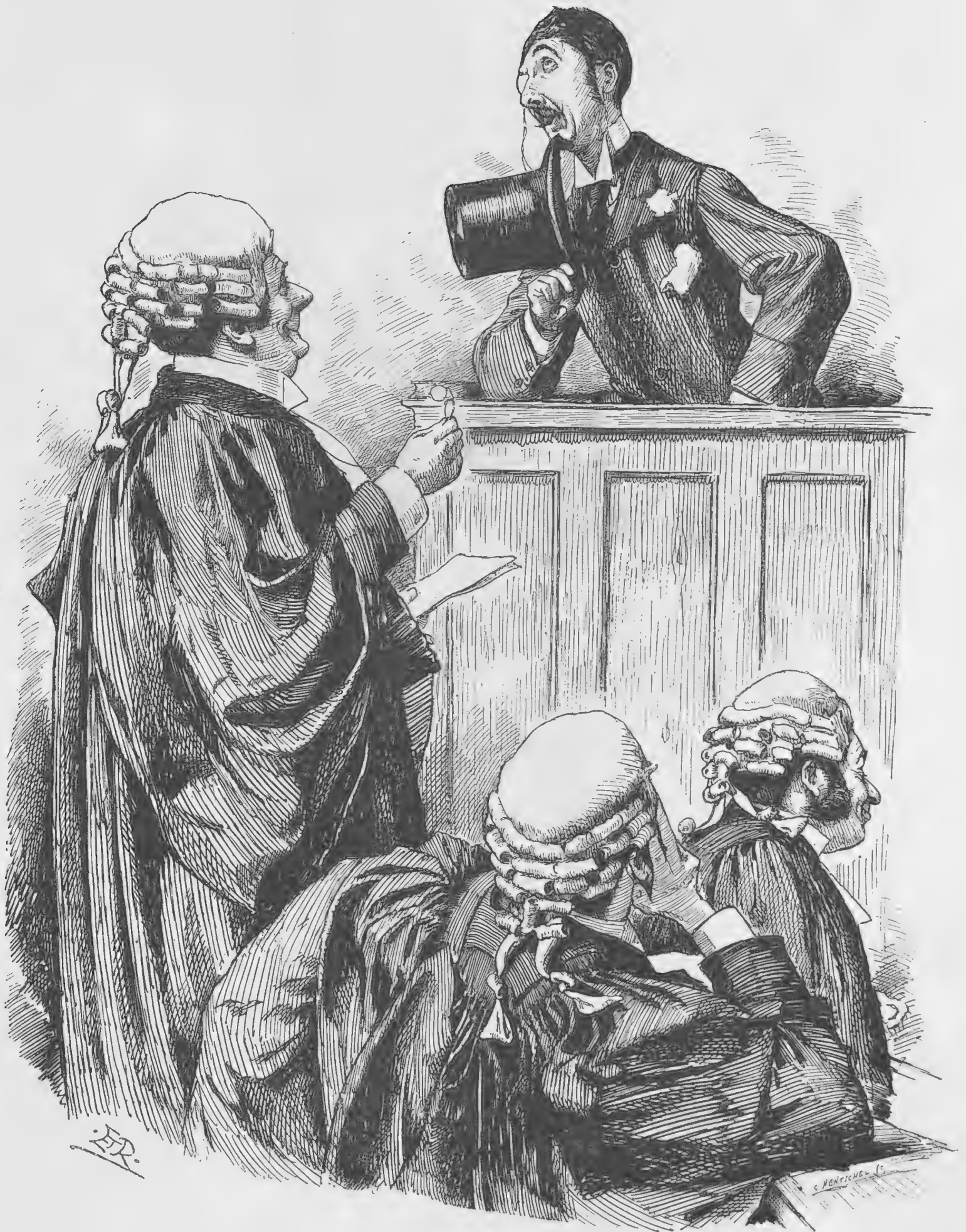


"CHAPERON, INDEED! I'VE NEVER FOUND THE USE OF ONE!"



RAB

Not Reprod. Co.



LEGAL EXPRESSIONS.—No. V.

COUNSEL (Breach of Promise): "And now, Sir, will you kindly explain to the Court what led you to the conclusion that the Plaintiff might legitimately be regarded as your Popsy-Wopsy!"



DECEPTIVE APPEARANCES.

DUMLEY: "By George! Who is that tremendous stunner?"

SLINGSBY: "That is Mrs. Daff-Scott, well known in connection with missions to music-halls."

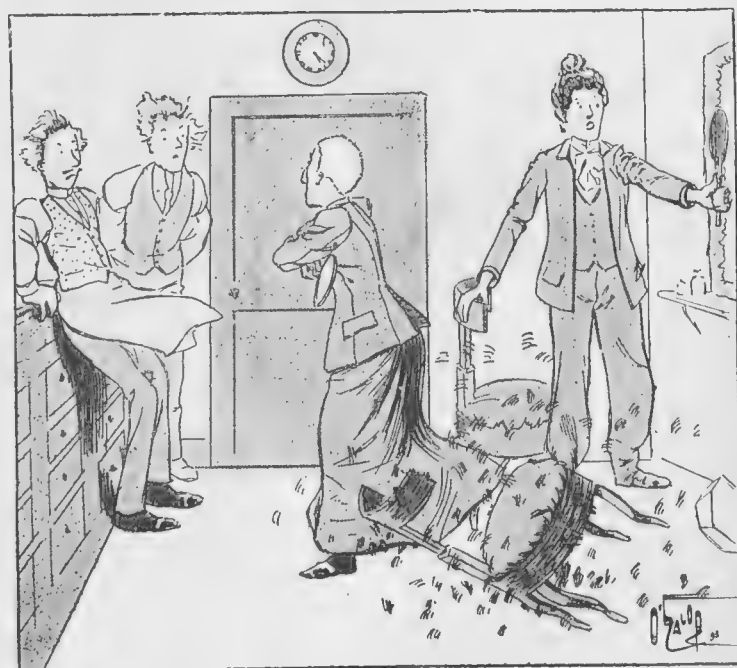
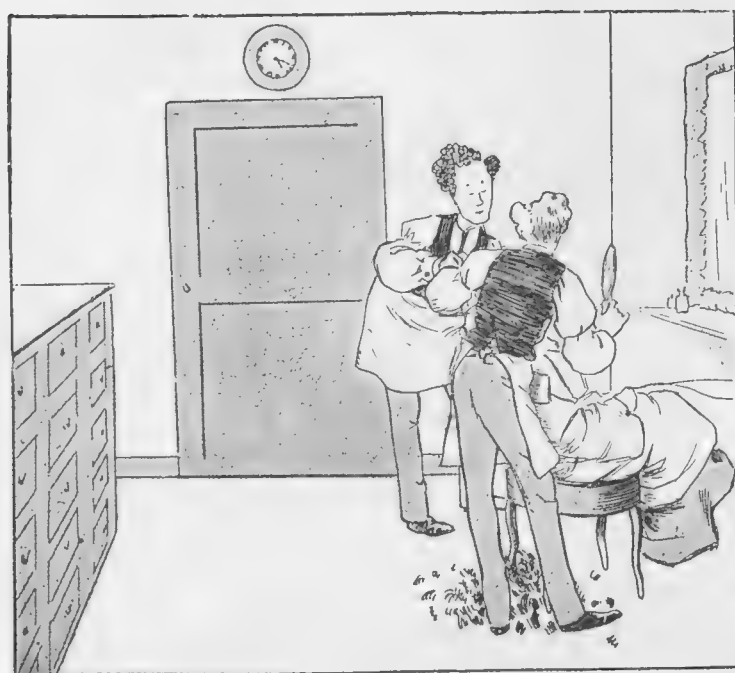
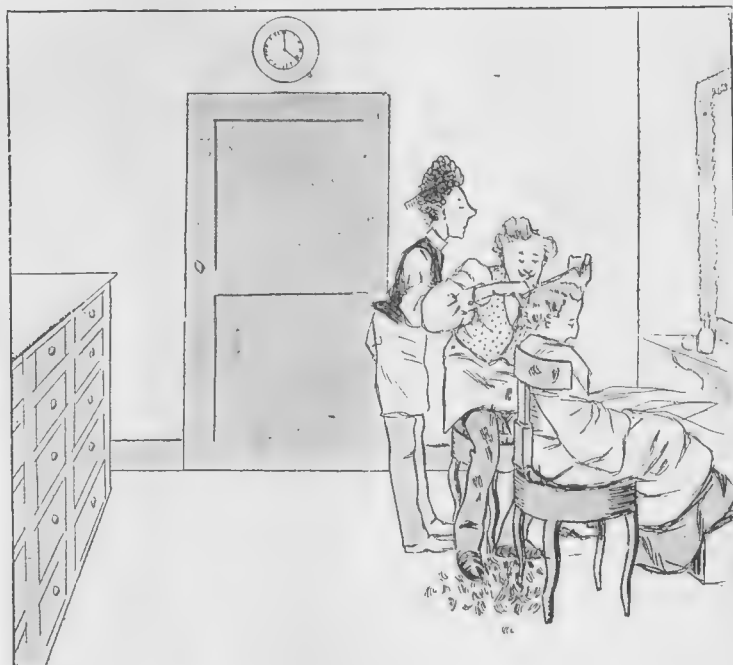
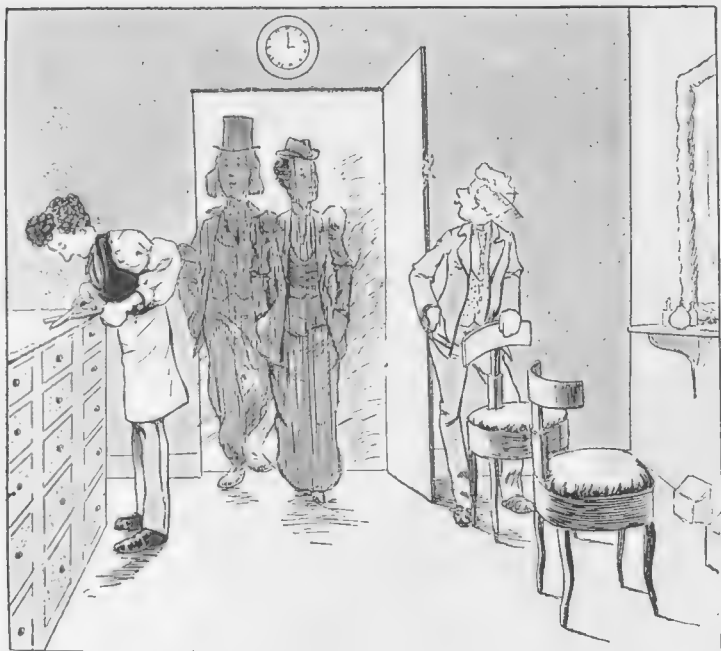
DUMLEY: "And who is that sedate young lady with her?"

SLINGSBY: "That is Miss De Vere, who sings 'The Johnny's Other Eye' at the Rotunda every evening."



AT THE BALL.

"I say, Gontran, if you actually wish to marry me, you had better go and ask Mamma for a dance!"



A VETERAN CRICKETER.

Taking a constitutional upon the promenade near his residence in Bath (writes a *Sketch* interviewer), I found the hale and hearty veteran cricketer whose figure was familiar to so many generations of Cambridge men, and whose name is still a household word among students by the banks of the Cam.



Photo by W. Lettis, Seymour Street, Bath.

MR. FENNER.

"Fenner's Ground" is the home of University cricket, and its originator is always ready for a chat upon anything akin to our national game. Upright as a dart, despite his eighty-two years, Mr. Francis Fenner is saturated to his finger-tips with reminiscences of the game he loves so well, and to the promotion of which he has devoted the energy of the best years of a long life—reminiscences, too, which not only cover the whole of the Victorian era, but a number of years before her Majesty's accession to the throne.

"Fenner's Ground? Yes; it came about in this way. I was constantly hearing complaints about the extortions of the men who had practically appropriated the Public Ground. It became such a scandal that it was threatening the very existence of University cricket, for it was not to be expected that undergrads could long go on paying a half-sovereign for an hour's practice, and it often amounted to that."

"How did you manage to circumvent these leeches?"

"There was a piece of ground adjoining John's, which was of very little use to the tenant, being almost a morass. I soon came to terms with him and got the tenancy made over to me. During the winter I had fifty navvies draining, levelling, and turfing the ground—every bit of turf was brought ten miles from a common which was being enclosed—and by the spring it was ready for use. It cost me about £1200 to do it, but as secretary of the University C.C. for a quarter of a century I saw what an impetus it gave to the game."

"Fenner's Ground has played no unimportant part in Town and Gown life generally."

"Well, for many years most outdoor gatherings took place there. 'Twas there that the Prince of Wales and suite saw Deerfoot. When in the States I had visited Deerfoot's tribe, and he was delighted, when in England, to meet someone who was acquainted with his people. When I introduced him to the Prince, who affably chatted with him and shook him by the hand, his enthusiasm knew no bounds."

Meanwhile, we had made our way to Mr. Fenner's snuggery, talking of that visit to the States and Niagara, and laughing over the fears which beset him when he was deserted by his car-driver close by a camp of hostile Indians during a terrible night storm. Then the current of our thoughts was changed by the examination of a print of the national picture representing the Coronation Match at Brighton, between Sussex and Kent, with the All England team in the foreground as spectators. Of all the prominent cricketers there represented our friend and Lord Bessborough are the only survivors.

"Those were days," said he, "when we played in tail-coats and top-hats, and without pads and that kind of thing. In that same year and in that guise I won the Single-wicket Championship of England, and was never after challenged."

"But when pads were introduced you adopted them?"

"Well, you see, without them we used to get a good deal knocked about. There"—holding up his left hand—"is a finger of which the top was completely knocked off when I was batting one day. I had the piece sewn on again, and, except for the marks of the stitching, it is none the worse. Yes, we did adopt the pads; but the first man who wore them at Lord's had a lively time at the hands of the general public."

"But on-lookers are not always the best judges of a player's necessities or merits."

"True; they do not always appreciate the thousand and one little things which make for a man's success or failure. I remember once, when Felix was batting at the Oval, that, despite every effort to get him out, he ran up a score of 80. He was a terribly hard driver, and every ball was sent between the fielders at such a rate that the most nimble could not get to it, and if he had he couldn't have stopped it. I was taken from bowling and put at slip, and the next ball came straight at me; I could not avoid it if I had tried, and if I had not caught it it would have driven a hole through me. But Felix had given it such tremendous 'side' that it literally wormed its way out of my hands. Fortunately, I had sufficient presence of mind to make a grab at it and play with it, but the crowd as heartily applauded what I could not avoid as they had previously execrated what others could not help."

"Small things will often account for the ups and downs of the game—this season's cricket, for example."

"Yes. I am afraid that since the grounds have been so much better cared for the science of bowling has not been as carefully cultivated as it should be. With the present grounds bowling should be as sure as billiard play. It used to be said that Lillywhite could pitch a ball on a shilling piece, and I recollect a really fine batsman who had cheerfully matched himself with 'Lilly' finding himself hopelessly beaten at all points, for every ball sent up had a different 'break.'"

"Then you do not agree with the Hon. R. Lyttelton's criticism upon Lillywhite in the current *English Illustrated Magazine*?"

"No. For many seasons I played continuously with Lillywhite, and my own opinion as a bowler is that he was the best bowler the English game has seen. Of course, Mr. Lyttelton can only speak from hearsay, for his father was still in residence at Cambridge when Lillywhite was in his prime."

Among the many relics of Mr. Fenner's cricketing days I found the prologue written for the "Old Stagers" by Tom Taylor when the Canterbury Week was inaugurated. Then and for many years after Mr. Fenner assisted at the festival, and he is mentioned by name in this prologue, which ends thus—

Tempering duty with good humour, say
To-night, at least, that you admire our play;
We'll strive our hardest to keep up the ball,
Make a good draw, and with no slips at all;
We promise you that no long stops to-night
Shall tire your patience or your gall excite;
And though our best man's arm be out of joint,
Despite his splints he'll try and make a point.
Then let one voice from boxes, gallery, pit,
Proclaim unanimous "a slashing hit";
And should we make to-night the hit we seek,
Remember that our run will last a week."

With a reminiscence of another Canterbury Week I must conclude, merely adducing it as an instance of the remarkable changes of fortune to which the game is subject. England was playing Kent, and the latter had secured the very creditable score of 274. "Everyone was in high fettle, and Kent was backed to the tune of 50 to 1. When their opponents compiled a score of 268 the enthusiasm became intense. Then Lillywhite called his team out and dismissed them with the remark, 'Englishmen can do anything—we must win.' 'Lilly' bowled magnificently and all fielded well, so that man after man went out for a small score. When Kent was all out for 44 in little more than an hour the scene was indescribable. For the remaining twenty minutes I was sent in to bat with a partner I soon lost, but next morning we quickly got enough runs to win without further loss."

And so, with many another fighting of old battles over again, we whiled away the hours; but my space is more than full.

LAWN-TENNIS IN THE ENGADINE.

It fell to Mr. Oscar Browning to distribute the prizes at the recent lawn-tennis tournament at Maloja, and in doing so he gave a humorous account of the origin of the game in the Engadine. "Just before the commencement of the Christian era," he said, "there lived at the castle on the hill a wealthy and beautiful Roman princess by name Maloja. It is said that she preserved her perennial charms by bathing in the lake every morning before breakfast. She had a rival in the person of the lady Casaccia, who lived at the Osteria Vecchia, a house, as its name implies, of very high antiquity. The game of lawn-tennis had been for many years a favourite amusement of the Roman inhabitants of the valley, and tournaments were held every year until they were put an end to by a tragical occurrence. At a great tournament, held in the year B.C. 1, Maloja so completely vanquished her rival in the ladies' singles that Casaccia, in despair, threw herself from the rocks of the castle, and rolled slowly down until she reached the site of the village which now bears her name. At the same time the prize of the gentlemen's singles was contested between two Roman nobles, Julius and Septimius, each having large possessions, one above Silvaplana, the other in the Val Marozzo. Julius won so signal a victory in the first that he carried off the two posts which supported the *rete*, or net, and placed them on each side of the Julier Pass, where they may still be seen. Septimius retired to his native glaciers in disgust with the world, and determined to avenge himself on posterity. He spent his declining years in constructing that ingenious instrument of torture which we shall call the Septimer Pass, and obtained a promise from his divinities that no one should in future pass over it without cursing its author and the day on which he himself was born. This curse remains in full vigour at the present day." These sad occurrences put an end to the annual lawn-tennis tournaments, and there were none held during the whole of the A.D., until they were revived five years ago.

A FATAL NATAL DAY.

The unhappy hero of Locksley Hall dipped into the future in a manner that has been the envy of many a person real life, and yet his vision was not of the microscopic character which the *Future* can boast of. Some readers may never have heard of the *Future*, but it is "a monthly journal of predictive science," which has reached its twentieth number. To persons whose birthday anniversary fell on or about the 4th inst. it sounded a note of warning, for they were advised "to refrain from travelling by sea this autumn, especially those who were born in 1861, 1869, or 1876, near sunrise, noon, or sunset."

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

Was there ever such a season for run-getting? Not only are the averages far above the averages all round, but we have actually a couple of batsmen who have encompassed 2000 runs during the season. I refer, of course, to the great Gunn, of Nottingham, and A. E. Stoddart, of Middlesex.

Never before in the history of the game have two men managed to knock up 2000 runs each in a season. When W. G. was at his best, 2000 runs was by no means a great feat for the grand old man of cricket. In 1871 his aggregate reached its high-water mark with 2739. On three other occasions, at least, he has reached 2000 or over.

The race between Stoddart and Gunn for premier batting honours this season has been a pretty one. For weeks and weeks they have run a neck-and-neck race, occasionally one showing in front, now the other, and at the time of writing the matter is still in doubt as to who will be premier batsman through the year. One thing, of course, is certain, and that is that Gunn will occupy the top of the professional averages, and Stoddart a similar position at the head of the amateurs. For consistent good play these two have done magnificently, nor has each man ever previously had so successful a year.

It surprises no one to see Shrewsbury running into the third position. For several years he has been our best professional batsman, and, much as his slow style of play may be decried, not one of his detractors would feel safe if he were left out of a representative English eleven. "Slow, but sure," is Shrewsbury's motto.

There can hardly be any doubt that the man who has made the greatest all-round advance this season is F. S. Jackson, of Cambridge University and Yorkshire. What is, perhaps, even more gratifying is the fact that Jackson's style of batting is quite as attractive as that of Stoddart or W. G. himself. Indeed, so far as brilliant hitting and rapid scoring is concerned, the Yorkshire amateur can hold his own with any batsman of the season. Jackson's success against the Australians has been remarkable, and, indeed, the better the class of player to whom he has been opposed, the more brilliantly has the old Cantab performed. He occupies, at the time of writing, fourth place in the first-class batting averages, and the chances are that he will finish just in front of Shrewsbury. His bowling, too, has been remarkably good, and his fielding, in almost any position, has been quite first class. Next season he will be able to play regularly for Yorkshire, to whom he will be an additional source of strength.

One or two stories have been told about the early cricketing days of F. S. Jackson that are worth repeating. When he was at Harrow his father was then Under-Secretary for Ireland. On the youngster being congratulated over a big display he made in the Eton v. Harrow match, he remarked, "Yes, I'm awfully glad I did so well. Not for my own sake, but because it will give the gov'nor such a lift, you know." I believe it is also true that in this match, or one of similar importance, the *pater* offered his son a sovereign for every run he made and a bank note for every wicket he took. I believe the talent money of the youngster on this occasion amounted to something like £200.

Someone has been working out the rate of speed at which a cricket ball travels between wicket and wicket. When C. T. B. Turner, the Australian bowler, visited Woolwich Arsenal he was invited to bowl through the electric screens used for measuring the velocity of projectiles. It was found that at a point representing half-way between the wicket Turner's ball travelled at the rate of fifty miles an hour. At this rate the ball covered the distance between wicket and wicket in 22.27 of a second. Turner is by no means the fastest bowler we have. Kortright and Mold would probably bowl nearly half as fast again, or, say, at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour. No wonder some batsmen funk the bowling of the Essex amateur.

FOOTBALL.

With the crack of the hunter's gun commenced the merry shout of the footballer throughout the land. In northern latitudes, say from Edinburgh to Inverness, the game actually commenced a month earlier, but the authorities place restrictions on Englishmen beginning before the hunter's moon. The enthusiasm for football up to date has been largely a question of geography. The further north you go the more wildly rages the football fever, and when one comes down south one finds footballers taking their pleasure, if not sadly, then, at least, comparatively mildly. Throughout Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the North of England Rugby and Soccer clubs made a start on Sept. 2, but the game will not really begin in the South of England, excepting among a few advanced Association clubs, until the first Saturday in October.

At the beginning of the season there are always plenty of surprises. Perhaps the most remarkable thing on the opening day was the curious collapse of Bradford, which for years has been practically at the head of Yorkshire clubs. The Bradfordians met Liversedge in the Senior Competition, and though the former were rather a scratchy lot, it was expected that they would at least hold their own with the Liversedge lads. But nothing of the kind: the visitors simply overwhelmed the

Bradfordians, and defeated them by 36 points to 6. This is one of the most overwhelming defeats Bradford have ever sustained.

The Bradford defeat is, no doubt, largely due to lack of condition, although the fact that they had only about half of last year's men would account for the total lack of combination in the ranks of the home team. Liversedge, on the other hand, played fourteen of last year's team, and every man appeared trained to the hour. It can hardly be expected that the winners will be able to keep up this form throughout the season, but a good start is really half the battle.

A tremendous fight is expected to take place at the meeting of the Rugby Union on Saturday, when the question of professionalism will be discussed. The big question of the payment of players will come up through a discussion of a very innocent-looking part of the agenda, which reads, "That players be allowed compensation for bona-fide loss of time." The question has been brought forward by Mr. Millar, of the Yorkshire Rugby Union, and, so far as that body is concerned, there can be no doubt that they will go solid for the proposition. There can be no doubt that the Rugby Union has now arrived at a crisis when professionalism must either be recognised or knocked on the head. Payment of players for loss of time is only another way of saying that professionalism will henceforth be part and parcel of the Rugby code, as it now is of the Association game. If you pay a man for an hour or for a day, you cannot object to pay him for a week, a month, or a season, and it is just as well that everyone within the Union should recognise that Mr. Millar's proposition is the "To be, or not to be" of professionalism.

Everything depends, I believe, upon how Lancashire will vote. If the Lancashire lads throw in their votes with Yorkshire, then they can easily carry the day, although there may be some doubt as to whether they will be strong enough to obtain a two-thirds majority, which is necessary for the operation of the rule. Should the innovators be strong enough to carry the day, there can only be one result, and that is a split in the Union. Yorkshire and Lancashire would probably form a union of their own along with any other counties which sympathised with them, for it is absolutely certain that the Rugby clubs in the South and West of England will have nothing whatever to do with professionalism in any shape or form.

In Association matches up to date nothing very extraordinary has happened, excepting that Sunderland, the champions of the League, have not started in anything like the brilliant form which they were expected to do, and which they accomplished last year. In their first League match against Sheffield Wednesday the champions had to be content with a drawn game, although the fact that they were playing on their opponents' ground placed them at a disadvantage. Following upon this match, Sunderland were defeated by the famous amateur combination known as Queen's Park by 2 to 1, and it was not till the "team of all the talents" met Newcastle United that they were able to claim a victory. This is certainly not a very great start, but I have every confidence in Sunderland being able to maintain their position at the head of the League for another year.

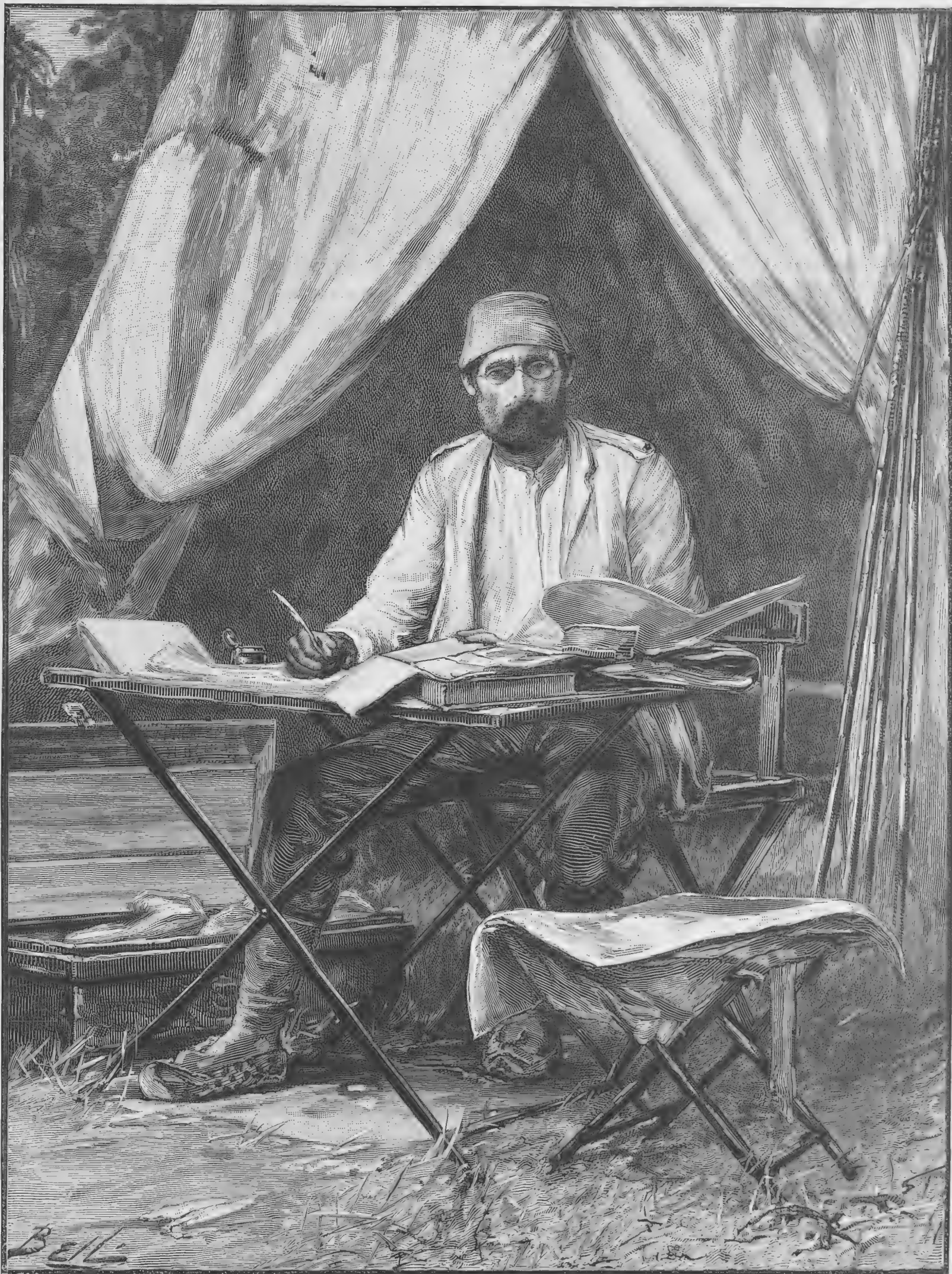
As for the remaining League clubs, there appears to be a much greater equality between them this season than last. One great surprise was the defeat of Everton by Sheffield United, one of the new League clubs, on the ground of the Toffytes. A day or two later, however, the United at home fell a prey to Derby County, who on the previous Saturday had hard lines in being defeated by Preston North End.

CYCLING.

Cycling records fall so frequently that one almost gets tired of recording them. It is worthy of note, however, that A. W. Harris rode a quarter of a mile at Heme Hill recently in 31 2-5 sec. This beats the previous British best of 32 3-5 sec. by Zimmerman. OLYMPIAN.

A ROYAL VISITOR FROM JAPAN.

Japan is eager to be Westernised. To this end it has sent forth Prince Komatsu Yorihiro, a member of the Imperial Family, to investigate fully and report on the naval schools of the various nations, with a view to the establishment of one in Mikado Land. He will visit this country shortly. His Royal Highness is a handsome young man of twenty-six years, and dresses in the latest English style. He is of medium build, with clear-cut features, and one would have to look twice to recognise in him a native of Japan. This can partly be accounted for by the fact that he has been educated in England and France, and has many of the mannerisms of those countries. At the age of twenty years he was sent by the Emperor to receive a naval education abroad. He took a long course in England and finished in France. He speaks English, French, and several other languages fluently. Although Prince Yorihiro is a member of the Imperial Family, he has no pretensions to the throne. The Emperor has a son of his own, who will succeed him, and should he die there are several older princes to select from. The Imperial Family of Japan, as is not generally known, is divided into four houses: Ausagawa, Fushima, Kanin, and Komatsu, the Prince's father being the head of the latter family.



EMIN PASHA.

THE 'BUS HORSE.

"It is said that there is just now a distinct scarcity of the 'bus horses of London. One great company is fifty horses below its requirements, and is unable to make up the complement. The scarcity can only be temporary. There must be plenty of stout young horses in the country, and the spring fairs will probably restore effectively the balance of supply and demand."—*Westminster Gazette*.

Every newspaper has its corner for the grievances of the working biped, but what about the labouring quadruped? Surely he, too, is

"Ah," said I, and I looked significantly at the driver's whip.

"Taint that, altogether," he said, interpreting the meaning of my look. "When we puts in a new hoss, if he don't act properly along with t' other, he is apt to pull hisself all to pieces. Yer see, he can't run away with the 'bus, not so long as he has another hoss to pull and a heavy brake agin' him." I had a good look at the horses as they jogged along, their necks earnestly bent down to their work. Our 'bus stopped frequently at the ring of that bell, and each time the noble animals seemed to know what was meant. They awakened from



worthy of his hire and of a little sympathetic consideration. Who, for instance, is not interested in that most estimable animal, the London 'bus horse? If he is not a distinct species of his kind *à la* Darwin, he is, at least, differentiated from his fellows by many a notable characteristic. Who has not admired the way in which, with his stable-companion, he threads his way through the maze of a busy London street? The slightest touch of the rein, a well-known word from the driver, a flick of the whip, and he turns on his own axis like a pivot. Intelligent? Why, Sir, he can do almost anything but speak. He knows his route and destination quite as well as the driver, and the patter of the conductor shouting "Bank! Bank! Bank!—Liverpool Street!" and so on, is as familiar to him as his daily corn. See how sharply he answers the "ping" of the bell. An electric current seems to pass simultaneously through driver and horses, the brake is released, and the horses shoot forward without a word from the driver. It seems as if the bell were the touch that set three automatic machines at work.

Getting up beside the driver at Hyde Park Corner, the other day, I tried to draw the gruff old man, who sat perched up there in his great-coat and waterproof.

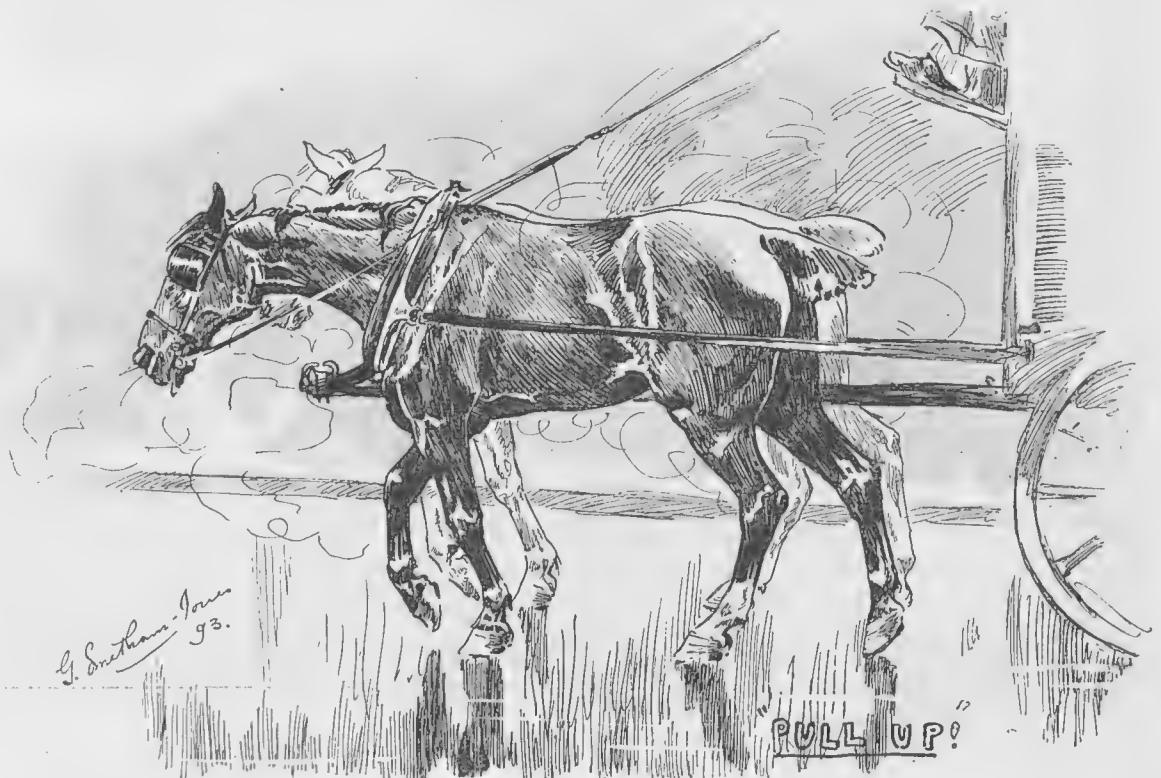
"These horses seem to know that bell, driver."

"Why, bless yer, they know it as well as I do."

"And are they quick at learning?"

"Oh, they soon get to know. Yer see, if they don't, they 'ave a hard time of it till they does."

their almost mechanical trot, and, with a sudden swerve, they would draw up at the left side of the street ("near side" in horsey parlance), aided by a timely application of the brake by the driver's foot. As the bell bade us once more be off, I could see the use of the aphorism, "Pull together, boys." The starting of this heavy omnibus requires such an extra expenditure of energy that if the horses did not pull simultaneously they would never get the great lumbering vehicle, weighing



when empty nearly two tons, to move. Once under way, however, it is comparatively plain sailing. These horses, as a rule, are strong, broad of loin and stout of limb. Their chest is deep and broad, and their movements must be fairly free to cope with the tortuous route, passing and avoiding other vehicles. One of the greatest difficulties in starting the 'bus is to keep their feet on the asphalt, which is dangerously smooth, and when wet is as slippery almost as pure ice. Yet it is marvellous to see how these animals manage to move along even though their feet be slipping at every step. They gather themselves together again without stopping, and, though every instant the onlooker imagines they will be down, the falls are comparatively few. I asked the pilot how long the horses stood the racket of the London streets before being used up.

"About four year on the haverage, I should say; although some of 'em lasts a little longer, and others not quite so long. Bless yer, I've seen a hoss thoroughly done up and lamed in a few months."

"But," I said, "the life of a wild horse extends to forty years, and they are quite fresh till they are between twenty and thirty."

"Ah," said my Jehu, "them hosses is not wild, and the London streets ain't the prairie; they are broken-'carted by 'ard work."

"Then they must have their grievances as well as you?"

"I wish you could only arst 'em," he replied impressively.

These laconic answers set me thinking, and I fell into a kind of day-dream. I saw the horse's early life pass before me as a panorama: The innocent, frisky foal romping about the fields with his playfellows, the mothers quietly cropping the grass in the warm summer day. He develops to a colt, and the master talks of selling him. Strange men come and look him over, feeling his joints and testing his eyes, for the London streets require good eyesight in man and beast. Trucked with many others, he is brought to London, goes into the sale-ring, and is knocked down to the highest bidder. Then put alongside an older one in a heavy 'bus, he is soon calmed down from the fiery wildness of the first day or two to a sober-sided horse. When the brake is applied, all the tugging and twisting is futile, and only wearies the struggling animal.

My dream went deeper, and I found myself, as I thought, walking alongside the "near" horse. He was talking about his work, and telling me that his journey was about sixteen miles a day, with the third day rested. I said I thought that was not too much work. "Ah!" said he sadly, "it is not the distance, but these many stoppages that breaks our constitution, especially on the slippery asphalt and wood pavement. We stop about six times in a mile at the very least, and the pulling of that heavy mass a hundred times a day from a dead standstill is bound to tell very rapidly upon us." I said, "For myself, I never stop a 'bus, and it's a shame that anyone should do so." "Oh, it's not the men," said he, "it's the ladies, the pretty girls, who are our worst enemies, though I do like their bright faces," and there was almost a smile on the old fellow's face. "You see, the conductor is always anxious to help aboard a pretty lady, and, I suppose, the ladies like it too, and we don't count. A lady will even ask the 'bus to stop in the middle of a hill like Ludgate. If she is pretty the 'bus is bound to stop, but if not—" here he did his best to wink. "Here's one on the kerb waiting us," he continued, "and we must stop." He sighed, and suddenly drew up. The jolt nearly knocked me off my seat, where I had been in body, though my spirit was with the horse. As I looked over the side, however, I caught sight of a pretty, laughing girl being handed carefully in by the conductor. Soon we came to Charing Cross, where I got down, but my mind was full of the poor horse's tale. I walked along the Strand and watched the 'buses stop to pick up passengers. In nine cases out of ten the cause of stopping was a woman, but, more charitable than the old horse, I am inclined to think it is because of their dresses. At any rate, I am sure, if they only knew what an amount of pain and trouble it entails on these poor animals, who work away ungrudgingly and unflinchingly for the benefit of the London public, they would not be so callous. Since that journey I have told a lady friend of my thoughts and experiences. She says it is too true, but that she can always jump on a 'bus in motion, and thinks other women could do so if they would not be so selfish and lazy. The science of jumping off a 'bus is to keep the face the way the 'bus is going, and alight on the left foot first.

J. A. G.

THE NIGHTINGALE OF RUSSIA.

One does not associate the nightingale with Russia. The name, as a matter of fact, attaches to Madame Koriboot Dashkevitch, although she is better known in her country as Mravina, a corruption of her maiden name, Mravinsky. Mravina, who is said to be one of the sweetest singers in Europe, was born in St. Petersburg, and is the daughter of General Mravinsky, of the Corps of Imperial Engineers. She is the wife of Captain Koriboot Dashkevitch, of the Czar's Imperial Guard. Her first musical instruction was received from the great Prianechnekov. After that she studied in Paris, and finally made her debut at Venice in 1886 in "Rigoletto." She at once became a great favourite, and has sung at the Opera at St. Petersburg ever since. She has also sung at Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. Mravina is a very beautiful woman; but scandal has never been attached to her name, although her admirers are numbered by the score. Of an exquisitely sweet temperament, she is beloved by all those who come in contact with her. Her voice has something magnetic about it, and thrills the hearer with its mystic power. She is the acknowledged leader of the Russian operatic stage, and it will not be long before her name, already well known in Europe, will be famous throughout the world. Mravina speaks fluently both English and French.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Sportsmen generally, and racing men in particular, will be sorry to learn that Sir John Blundell Maple, though better, is still far from being restored to perfect health, and it will, under the most favourable conditions, be many months before he can again take an active interest in racing. The last time I saw the popular knight was at Ascot, when he carried his arm in a sling through a gnat sting. Sir Blundell is highly popular in political, commercial, and racing circles. He dearly loves a good horse, whether it be a Common or a leader in a team. Sir Blundell has played the game of racing pluckily, and it must be admitted that he has met with a fair share of success. However, just before he bought Common, Sir Blundell was despondent, as he had not won a race for a very long time. I recommended an Irish friend who had bloodstock to sell to try the King of Tottenham Court Road. Sir Blundell was duly interviewed, and his reply was: "My dear Sir, it's winners I want. If you can sell me a winner, I will pay any price in reason." No bargain was made. Sir Blundell is, when in good health, a very active man. He attends his business regularly, often puts in an appearance at a race meeting, then hurries back to the House to record his vote on some important measure. Further, he puts in a lot of work with his constituents, presiding over meetings, smoking concerts, &c.; while the Conservative Whips know the value of his coach at election times. It is possible that Sir Blundell has worked too hard. However, I hope he will soon be sufficiently recovered to let us of the sporting world look upon his genial face once more.

Of the professional jockeys that will ride this winter, Arthur Nightingall is likely to be high up in the winning list. G. Williamson, who first came out as an amateur, is sure to ride plenty of winners, and Dollery, who was once a shepherd-boy, may, with a bit of luck, again ride Cloister to victory in the Grand National. Sensier, who is Swatton's head lad, will once more don silk, and Harry Barker, a resolute horse-man, will land home plenty of winners for M. Lebaudy. George Morris, a capable jockey, will not want for mounts, and Bob Nightingall, a good all-round athlete, will get the riding for his brother Willie's stable. Pitton, who seems to be the only jockey capable of winning on the one-eyed Garland, will be actively engaged during the season, and the young members of the Woodland family are likely to shine, as they will ride between them all Lord Shrewsbury's and Lord Radnor's horses. The two sons of Jem Adams will ride for their father's stable. I regret that I cannot speak hopefully of the recruits, and the brunt of the battle will have to be borne by the old soldiers.

When the annual statistics come to be published, it will be found, I think, that Braime, of Lambourn, has sent forth as many winners as any other trainer this season. No race of great importance has fallen to his share, but the stakes captured have been of a fair value, and have always been races over which plenty of speculation could take place. The brothers Merry are not plungers, but they never hesitate to support their horses to a good tune. Mr. Garrett Moore is really the manager of the stable, but Braime, as a rule, superintends the work done by the Seven Barrows team.

An important factor connected with the success achieved by Braime's horses is the excellent jockeyship of Finlay, who has made giant strides in his profession this year, and is certain to finish in the first half-dozen of winning jockeys. Lund has first claim on Finlay's services. Liddiard, who, before Jousiffe died, was attached to the Seven Barrows establishment, and who rode Surefoot in all his engagements, is now on the Continent, and is doing very well.

At present many people fancy they have found the winner of the Cesarewitch, but after the experiences of the last few years I fancy speculators should wait until the numbers have gone up, and then support the favourite. The street-corner tip for the race is Ancajano, who belongs to a Pressman, Mr. E. O. Blackley, who is part proprietor of the Manchester *Sporting Chronicle*. Mr. Blackley, like many another member of the Press owning horses, has up to now met with wretched luck at the game; as a matter of fact, he has only won about a couple of races. My own opinion is that Hobbs, of Lambourn, holds the key to the long race, as he can choose from Roy Neil, Burnaby, and Vanguard. The first named belongs to Mr. R. Greenhalgh, a gentleman who made his money by two or three lucky plunges. Mr. Hobson, who owns the other two, is father-in-law to Hobbs. He was at one time the commission agent of the late Fred Archer.

With the least bit of luck, the Cambridgeshire should turn out to be the race of the season. If Isinglass is allowed to run, he will not want for backers, and he is not by any means out of the race, but we must wait and see how he gets on against La Flèche in the Lancashire Plate. A potted article for the Cambridgeshire is Euclid, who has yet to reproduce his Jubilee Stakes form. He belongs to a lawyer, who races under the *nom-de-course* of Mr. Kilsyth. This gentleman is, like the Earl of Bradford, very fond of backing his horses for a place. A street-corner fancy for the race is Castleblaney, who ran fifth for the City and Suburban. The horse is trained near Netheravon by McKenna, but hard by Comedy is being prepared for the same race, and if the horse is sound he should go very close. Comedy is owned by Mr. Fulton, a North of Ireland linen merchant, who is going in strong for the sport of kings.

DR. SEVERIN WIELOBYCKI, CENTENARIAN.

It is something to have reached the honoured hundred, but it is a greater distinction to have exceeded it, as did Dr. Severin Wielobycki, who died at his residence in St. John's Wood on Thursday at the age of a hundred years and eight months. What was the secret of his length of years? To discover the recipe a representative visited the veteran some time ago on behalf of *The Sketch*. He writes—

"Is he able to receive visitors?" I asked the kindly Welsh woman—she insisted she was a foreigner because Welsh—who invited me to step into the drawing-room. Dr. Wielobycki, his wife—a Scotch lady, now very frail—and their Welsh domestic: that was the household.

"Able to see anybody?" I was told; "why, of course. He's as well as anything, and been having his afternoon nap. I'll just tell him you've called."

In a few minutes I was sitting chatting with the centenarian and getting a few facts about his life. The son of a Polish judge, he took part in the fine, if fruitless, struggle his country made for freedom. He was in no fewer than thirty-six engagements during the war, and by extreme good fortune never met with a severe wound. When the war



Photo by J. L. Lower, St. John's Wood.

DR. WIELOBYCKI.

ended, and Poland had been crushed beneath sheer weight, Wielobycki came to Edinburgh to study medicine, and took his degree. Since then he had lived in this country.

The Scotch accent, which seems to go out only with the blood, is apparent in the speech of Mrs. Wielobycki; but her husband had hardly the suggestion of the born foreigner in his words. He looked the aged Englishman, too—white-haired, a trifle reserved at first, full of old-world dignity. His speech and movement were elastic and vigorous, his hearing somewhat dull.

"This deafness," he explained, "is the one thing from which I suffer. It is the result of the vicissitudes I experienced when campaigning, as a young man, in my native country—the result of sleeping nights in the snow, as we had to do."

"I've come, Doctor, to ask you for the recipe which finds you so hale after your hundredth birthday." He laughed a mirthful laugh, good—so good to hear in the old.

"My recipe—but, dear me, I'm afraid I haven't one. Perhaps, though, I can tell you one or two of the rules I have made it a point of observing myself. I have never smoked; I have been an abstainer for nearly three-parts of my life, and I have been something of a vegetarian. Add to these habits that I have always endeavoured to take plenty of exercise. I go out every day; I've been out to-day for my walk."

"Now, won't you, speaking from your own experience, write me out a little prescription for those who desire to live long? It's years, I know, since you gave up your medical practice, but never mind that."

Dr. Wielobycki agreed, and the writing showed with what firmness a centenarian, disdaining glasses and such youthful appurtenances, can drive the pen.

"I should like," I said, when the doctor had made his last stroke, "to ask one or two questions on this prescription. If I'm to grow old, I must stop smoking. Wherein do you say the evil of smoking lies?"

"In youth smoking stunts growth, and leaves those who should have been men mere mannikins in physique. In more advanced years smoking spoils the digestive powers, and breaks down the sight. Besides, to smoke makes one feel dry, makes one wish to drink, and that leads to drinking."

"Which, from the point of view of becoming a centenarian, is even worse than smoking?"

"As you say, even worse, for it positively invites disease; at all events, lays one open to all sorts of ailments. In my own opinion, even beer and cider are bad, but alcohol—brandy, whisky, wine—is, of course, more injurious. No man who drinks—at all events, who drinks much—can expect to enjoy perfect health. It is impossible."

"And then what about your argument for vegetarianism?"

"What I say is that for health and longevity too much flesh—flesh of any kind—ought not to be eaten. In flesh there are parasites, and these parasites breed disease in the body. Next, exercise in the open air is of the very first value—it cannot be rated too highly. Walk, ride on horseback, drive. Out somehow, get exercise in the open air if you want to see as many years as I have seen. Nobody, great or small, should pass a day without spending three or four hours—at the least two or three—in the open air. If that is combined with early rising, so much the better. When I was younger—ten or a dozen years ago—I used to get up every morning at four or five o'clock. As it is, even at this time of year, I get up at six o'clock. Early to bed and early to rise makes one not only healthy, wealthy, and wise, as the saying has it, but also long-lived."

"Do you think human life on the average is so long now as it was when the world went more quietly?"

"I quite think that the rush and scramble of modern-day life must tend to shorten life; but, on the other hand, I don't see that in the case of an individual mere hard work need do any harm. If a man attempts to do three men's work he inevitably does himself harm; but fair and reasonable hard work—hard work within a man's capacity—never did anybody harm, and never will. Regularity in eating is almost as important as abstinence in eating, and still, while in the army, I was often days without food. My practice as a doctor, too, often found me unable to take my meals when the regular time for them came round."

"A last question: In your view, does one man stand as good a chance of long life as another? For example, would a man of particularly fine physique stand a better chance of becoming a centenarian than a man of merely ordinary physique?"

"Not necessarily, I think. Mere strength does not imply health and long years—the less strong man would have as good a chance of a long life as the other. I was never an exceptionally strong man; I had a good constitution, but that was all. I was no giant, either in stature or in strength."

All who want to be centenarians, like Dr. Wielobycki (pronounced Wilobisky), had better proceed to put his advice into operation. And perhaps the advice will do no harm if adopted by the majority of us—the majority who will never know how it feels to be a centenarian.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

A rather neat story was related the other day of a pretty young actress who was anxious to escape the senile attentions of an elderly admirer. The gentleman in question haunted the stalls, and, growing bolder as time went on, ventured to wait for the young lady (whom we will call Lily Johnson) at the stage-door to press his unwelcome attentions. At length she lost all patience, and summoned the aid of a friend. "Try and get rid of him for me, dear. Go out first, and tell him I'm not coming, or something that will persuade him to be off." The friend laughed and promised to accomplish what she wished. She walked boldly up to the impatient admirer, and began with a bewitching smile, "Oh, Mr. Johnson, Lily won't keep you waiting long. She will be here in a minute." "But my name," the old gentleman exclaimed, "is not Johnson." "Oh, dear me, isn't it? I'm so sorry. I thought you were Lily's papa."

A KISS IN A CANOE.

The maiden sat in a light canoe,
Afloat on a mountain lake;
And a mad idea shot wildly through
The brain of her lover (who sat there too),
That he, in that self-same light canoe
A stolen kiss would take.

Now, the maiden sat there, unaware
Of the plot that he had hatched;
And the mountain breezes played with her hair
And fanned her cheek and her brow so fair,
As she sat there still, quite unaware
Of the kiss soon to be snatched.

Then the lover awaited a real good chance
To capture the longed-for kiss,
When, watching the wimpling wavelets dance,
She turned her head with a quick, shy glance,
And, leaning back, she gave him a chance
That was really too good to miss.

So he bent to meet her, and tried to steal
The kiss that he burned to get;
But he bent so quick, in his ardent zeal,
That the craft upset like a whirling wheel,
And he missed the kiss that he tried to steal,
And they both got very wet.—*Journal of Education.*

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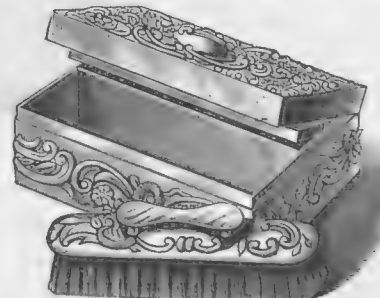
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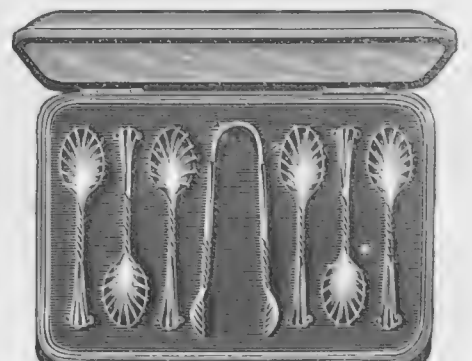
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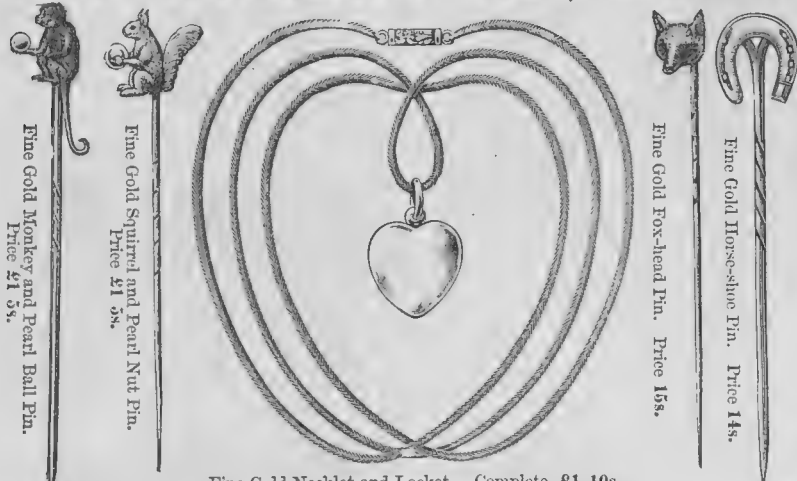
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A "LOUIS" TEA GOWN.

the same effective trimming. The box-pleated sleeves are quite plain, and the pocket holes are piped with velvet, the cape and collar showing a bordering of grey chinchilla fur. This is one aspect of the coat, but it is even more attractive when the cape is opened and turned back in the form of revers to show the lining of soft grey fur, the combination of the three colours and materials forming an exceedingly handsome and effective whole. Now, which jacket do you prefer?

I also stayed for a considerable time before a particularly smart jacket of black cloth, with a yoke of black satin and full shoulder capes of cloth, the sleeves being composed of the satin and the gauntlet cuffs of cloth. A deep roll collar and huge revers of grey chinchilla gave a perfect finishing touch, both as regards appearance and comfort. If you want to combine economy, warmth, and smartness I should advise you to look at some jackets of which Mr. Peter Robinson makes a special feature, and which commence in price at six guineas. They are made in cloth of any colour, perfectly cut and finished off in every way, the fur which forms the roll collar and revers being, of course, determined by the price which you care to pay.

Just as I was going out I saw such a delightful cape that it gave me a very real pang to think that capes were now relegated to the background. This particular one was of violet cloth, and was cut in precisely the same way as the fashionable skirts, plain over the shoulders and very full at the bottom. The yoke was ornamented with lines of violet chenille, sewn at top and bottom with tiny metallic beads, which glistened with a shade of blue; this trimming was continued to the edge of the particularly high collar, which was lined with sealskin, and which, when turned down, formed a short, flat shoulder cape.

Then, bearing in mind that "enough is as good as a feast," and that, even as it was, I had told you about quite enough jackets to render your choice a difficult matter, I made my way outside, keeping my eyes straight in front of me, so that I might not be tempted to alter my resolve.

I was so fascinated, the other day, by the sight of the "Louis" velvet shade card for autumn and winter, that I felt the only way in which I could possibly show my admiration for the exquisitely soft and delicate tones of colour, which were displayed in almost bewildering variety, was to give you an idea for a tea gown to be made of this really beautiful material, which is particularly suitable for the flowing folds and graceful outlines of these most delightful of all feminine garments. So I called in the aid of the artist, and you shall have the benefit of our valuable and original ideas on the subject.

This "Louis" tea gown, then, has a very deep shoulder cape and a high Elizabethan collar of old lace. The front, of chiffon, is caught in below

the waist by a silk girdle with long tasselled ends. The sleeves are particularly effective, and are calculated to show off pretty arms to the best advantage, being composed simply of chiffon, caught up prettily at the elbow. Now, as to colour, I should suggest, for one thing, a most delightful shade of grey (No. 284 on the card) in combination with rose-pink chiffon; then, if you preferred it, you might have soft olive-green velvet (No. 31) and tea-rose yellow cr  pon—in fact, you can ring the changes on colours to your heart's content. There are also some lovely shades of heliotrope and green to choose from, while the light colours for evening wear are particularly beautiful. As to the quality and wearing qualities of "Louis" velvet, I do not think that it is necessary to say anything, for I expect you have all tested it for yourselves.

CYCLING FOR LADIES.

The number of ladies who cycle both at home and in France seems to be increasing by leaps and bounds, and this fact is undoubtedly due to the health-giving properties of this fascinating exercise, which keeps both mind and muscle in excellent condition. The barrier of prejudice has at last been broken down, and the improvements in machines for ladies and in the costumes for riding have been so great as to ensure absolute safety and comfort. One of the very latest developments for the benefit of fair cyclists has just been introduced by the British Cycle Manufacturing Company, of 42, High Street, Camden Town, N.W., in the form of an attachment consisting of two small wheels, which run one on each side of the ordinary driving wheel, and keep the machine from falling over, at the same time enabling the rider to rest and stop without dismounting from the machine. This latest cycle is called the "Lady's Camden Safety," and it will, of course, in the first instance, specially appeal to learners and nervous riders, though women in general will certainly not be slow to see its advantages.

The British Cycle Manufacturing Company have not stopped at the cycles, but have used their experience in designing and bringing out an extremely pretty, comfortable, and withal business-like costume, which can be transformed at a moment's notice into a smart walking, shooting, lawn-tennis, golf, or tourist dress, while, with a slight additional alteration, it can be easily adapted for riding real as well as steel horses. You can obtain a good idea both of the "Lady's Camden Safety" and the "Patent Combination Cycle Press" from the accompanying illustration. The gown itself, as you will see, is arranged with a zouave bodice, an under waistcoat in graduated shades, the effect of which is extremely pretty, and a skirt over zouave pantaloons, which can be instantaneously raised for riding or lowered to form an ordinary walking dress. They are all Parisian tailor-made, so that with a perfectly safe machine and a really practicable costume the way is now made so easy for lady riders that their number is certain to increase still more.

FLORENCE.



PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

This week the long-expected change has come over the Home Rule controversy: a frost, a killing frost has blighted the Bill, the child of so many hopes and fears; or, to use Lord Rosebery's metaphor, the Home Rule Bill has contracted a deathly chill in its short passage through the twin lobbies which connect the House of Lords and the House of Commons. From the æsthetic and non-political point of view, I should not object to spend a little more time in the Gilded Chamber, rich with a certain gaudy beauty which suggests the past rather than the future of the peers. In place of a glorified board-room, which the House of Commons undoubtedly is, you have a beautifully proportioned Chamber, upholstered in bright, but extremely pleasant, red morocco, with windows painted with the deepest and finest blues and reds and purples, and lavishly framed in gilt. You have statues in black and gold of the barons who signed the Magna Charta. You have a light feminine effect of smart bonnets and cool summer dresses in the railed gallery that runs the entire length of the Chamber. You have an occasional apparition of old-world ceremony, such as a peer in scarlet and ermine being introduced to the House by the Earl Marshal and the Garter King of Arms, more gorgeous still. You have the Chancellor in his wig and robes sitting on the square cushion known as the woolsack. You have generally a rich and harmonious glow of light and colour, with the great gold Throne ceremoniously railed round and shut off even from the woolsack as a final point of splendour.

"EXTINCT VOLCANOES."

Fortunately or unfortunately, as the observer may choose to view it, all these surroundings answer to no kind of genuine intellectual fact. Not one peer in twenty seems to be able to deliver an interesting speech, or to make himself heard when he has got anything to say. When the Duke of Devonshire was Lord Hartington I knew him as a frequently dull but usually audible and occasionally powerful speaker. I revisit him as the Duke of Devonshire, and I find him an elderly, spectacled, and extremely depressed nobleman, dropping his voice at the end of his sentences and generally constituting himself an oratorical infliction of the first magnitude. I found Lord Selborne, who had fame when he was Sir Roundell Palmer, looking very like an elderly archdeacon, and preaching a sermon warranted to send any congregation in England into the profoundest slumber. The archaic air of the whole business was extraordinary.

LORD ROSEBERY.

The one man who has not lost his life and personality in the dismal splendours of the Gilded Chamber is Lord Rosebery. His speech on Wednesday has been criticised in several quarters as over-candid, weak in its defence of the Bill, and too "larky," if I may use so unconventional a word of so very grave an occasion. For my part, the impression I took away from his oration was that of pure thankfulness that it was so lively. To hear joke after joke rattle among the rafters of the House of Lords was a sensation that, after two days of debate, I never thought to have experienced again. Still, the want of practice in public speaking, which seems to beset every member of the House of Lords who has not sat in the House of Commons, affected even Lord Rosebery, with all his cleverness, grasp, and power of weaving in a great connected argument. Lord Rosebery is inferior, not merely to Mr. Gladstone, but to Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Balfour, in the mechanical part of his business—in the use of his hands, in the modulation of his voice, and the faculty of allowing his face to give the actor's emphasis to his words. As for the substance of the debate, I do not know that I need say much about it. Lord Rosebery refused to discuss the Bill, which the Lords had come, not to praise or censure, but to bury. As a matter of fact, not a single peer has come up from the east and west to sit down at the feet of Lord Salisbury who has not made up his mind about Home Rule, and might not, for all the intelligent judgment that he will bring to the controversy, have sent his footman to represent him.

THE PEERS' APPEARANCE.

I cannot say that I was particularly impressed by the physique of the peers of England in Parliament assembled. Everybody knows the ideal servant-maid's peer as you see him in the pages of *Bow Bells*. Who has not recognised that expanding chest, that wasp-like waist, that darkly-flowing moustache, that flashing eye, that seamless frock-coat? But in reality they are number of very plain elderly gentlemen, with retreating foreheads, chins disappearing into their collars, and faces swept clean and garnished of the smallest expression. These are the gentlemen who for four mortal days have been sitting docile on the benches behind Lord Salisbury, cheering when they ought to cheer, laughing when they ought to laugh, and going to bed at shockingly late hours. This is the history of the intervention of the House of Lords in the Home Rule controversy which has both bored and astounded me, as I believe it has bored and astounded everybody who is not used to the House of Lords as it is, as compared with what the House of Lords is supposed to be. The Government, of course, are hopelessly outnumbered; indeed, they can hardly be said to possess a party at all. The Tories and Unionists between them have crowded them like a little flock of stray sheep into one tiny section of the House, where they sit meek and dispirited, peering at the back of Lord Kimberley's neck. All the rest of the House is invaded by the encroaching sea of Tories and Unionists. It is an impressive lesson in constitutional history.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The great Parliamentary event of the week has been, of course, the discussion and rejection of the Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords. From Tuesday to Friday an unprecedented scene of activity prevailed in the Gilded Chamber and the approaches thereto. From a spectacular point of view, there is no doubt which House is the more interesting. As a lover of pageantry, it is to me quite a relief to turn from the dull and sombre House of Commons to the Peers' Chamber, from the dead green benches to the bright red, from the uniform lay attire of the Commons to the bishop-besprinkled Peers, from the Chamber whence ladies are so utterly banished to that where the fair sex can look down without having to conceal all their shining raiment behind the ungallant and uncomfortable grating. On the other hand, there is one real drawback about the House of Lords: it is a dreadfully bad Chamber to speak in.

THE DEFENCE.

Lord Spencer was the Minister deputed to move the second reading of the Home Rule Bill. But Lord Spencer, sincerest of Whigs as he may be, would never have made his fortune as an advocate. He was there to impress the virtues of his Bill upon the House, but his speech was just one long apology for himself; it was one, not for the plaintiff, but for the defendant, and a defendant shockingly conscious of his own guilt. Personally, no doubt, Lord Spencer's apology was interesting. The Red Earl has been Lord Lieutenant; he has administered a Coercion Act; he was in Ireland at the time of the Phoenix Park murders; and he knows what it is to ride about Dublin closely guarded on all sides by soldiers. He confessed all this to the House, and claimed that he had administered the law with justice and firmness. For this appeal to the old sympathies of his friends Lord Spencer was rightly cheered. But nothing that he said could make his further explanation convincing. "When that was finished," he went on, "I began to think it over, and to wish for something better than Coercion Acts. I wanted to make the people in harmony with the law." Yes; that, no doubt, represents Lord Spencer's conversion; but that line of argument defends only himself, and not the Bill. He did, indeed, perorate with an appeal to the House of Lords not to reject the measure; but, then, one could but smile at such a suggestion, for, as Lord Spencer knows perfectly well, nobody would have been so much "sold" as the Government if the Lords passed this gagged and discredited measure.

THE ATTACK.

On the other side was the Duke of Devonshire. In 1886 he moved the rejection of Mr. Gladstone's first Bill, but that was as Lord Hartington in the Commons. The new Bill has followed him up the step which he has taken since, only to meet him there again. The Duke made a long and carefully prepared speech. It was not very exciting, certainly. Lord Hartington's speeches never were exactly exhilarating, either to listen to or to read. But the Duke is a "dependable" man, and his words are impressive in inverse ratio to their sparkle. Those Radicals who scoff at the Duke, and even make fun of his spectacles, know that his words are listened to and his consistency admired.

THE DEBATE WAKES UP.

Lord Rosebery's speech on Thursday only showed how dull the debate had been before. There is a tendency, I see, in the Radical Press to minimise the effect of Lord Rosebery's speech. But, after all, it was an amusing, an interesting, and an historical speech. By the latter adjective I refer to Lord Rosebery's words concerning Local Government. All through the speech he never once argued for the Bill; he frankly disagreed with many of its provisions; and he was studiously plain about Coercion. "Coercion," he said, "is one way of governing Ireland, and I think you were quite right to try it. We Liberals were only obliged to give it up because you Tories in 1885 jockeyed us by saying that henceforward it would be no weapon of yours. We had no alternative but to take up with Home Rule. But even now," he said, "if you would only do your best to make some Local Government scheme workable, I for one (not speaking for the Cabinet) would welcome your assistance." And then he went off to make fun of the Lords on the score that their proper course was not to reject the Bill on second reading, but to amend it in Committee and see what the Government would do. That, of course, was out of the question, but I call careful attention to Lord Rosebery's offer. He is not a Home Ruler in the Gladstonian sense, but he will be as long as he lives a great figure in English politics—I do not say whether on the Radical side or not. His speech to me looked like a preparation for the Local Government measure which will be given to Ireland on the rejection of Mr. Gladstone's Bill. In other respects it was too flippant.

THE COMMONS AND THE CLERKS.

It was rather a neat piece of ironical fortune that just while the Lords were beginning to discuss the rejection of the Bill the Government were beaten in the other House on a vote for the clerks of the House of Lords. We hardly needed this omen of the Government being beaten on a question concerning the House of Lords. Eventually the House of Lords is sure to be the agent for securing the defeat of the Ministry; but this great event is so certain that when Fortune sends this very little omen one can only say to her, as in the other story, "Oh, Fortune, that's simply ridiculous." Concerning the Lower House, however, there is little else to chronicle this week. The three days' wonder in the House of Lords has quite eclipsed it.

DANGERS OF AN EXCESS OF FAT.

An excess of fat not only becomes burdensome and unsightly, but a positive evil; an accumulation of it may occur between the muscles upon the heart, causing embarrassed respiration, or around the kidneys, and persons in this condition are not only rendered uneasy in themselves and unfit to discharge the various duties of life, but are extremely liable to disease in the vital organs. Those suffering from *polysarcia omenti*—that is, an accumulation of abdominal subcutaneous fat—sometimes several inches in depth, carry also an enormous weight of fat around the internal organs, and are prone to the disease known as fatty degeneration of the heart and liver.

The former is the deposition of particles of fat within the *sarcolemma*, substituted for the proper muscular tissue. If the fatty degeneration exists to any amount, the muscular walls present a yellowish colour, and the heart is soft and flabby.

This may be confined to one ventricle, or it may affect the inner layer of fibres, the outer layer remaining unchanged. The degeneration of the left ventricle occasions feebleness of the pulse, and the heart is enfeebled in proportion to the disease. Difficulty in breathing is one symptom of this disease, especially when the right ventricle is affected. Symptoms resembling those of apoplexy, such as pallid surface and feeble circulation, have been observed in persons who have died of this affection.

The above we extract from the book of a well-known writer on obesity, Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C., the author of "Corpulency and the Cure," an interesting little book which is well worth reading, and only costs six stamps, post free. A person need no longer be abnormally stout, thanks to the vegetable discoveries of this gentleman, who has done much to assist those who suffer from the demon obesity, and has completely refuted the theories of some of the most eminent medical men, who frequently proscribe an alarming change of diet of the most nauseous character, depriving the forbearing victim to stoutness the usual drink which he has been accustomed to take. It seems marvellous that he can accomplish even greater reduction of weight

than other specialists who prescribe a doubly drastic treatment, and to do so with simple harmless roots is the most praiseworthy. It is a curious fact that that his patients generally eat more after losing weight, which shows that starvation is not the orthodox treatment.

The following are extracts from other journals:—

HOW TO CONCEAL OBESITY.

The stout lady is always asking what she shall wear in order that she may appear less bulky. She should not wear tight-fitting tailor-made suits; rosettes should never be worn at her belt, either at the back or front; no lace or ribbon ruffs about the neck, though a soft feather one is permissible if it have long ends. A short skirt will give a queer, dumpy look, which is particularly undesirable. The hair should never be low on her neck; it should be high, and arranged with great smoothness. Strings of beads round the neck are prohibited, and if her fingers are short and fat even rings should not be worn. After all, this is only a makeshift, although large sums are paid by fashionable modistes for artistic designs and blending in order to conceal *embonpoint*. What seems to escape the notice of the stout lady is the fact that the cost of the trickery with the dresses is more than she would have to pay for a real and actual reduction of weight. Thanks to modern chemistry, or rather botanical research, it is not unusual for a stout person to lose in weight 7 lb. in a week, and with a rapid return to perfect health, losing that oppressive feeling which troubles stout persons. As much as 4 lb., in rare cases, have been lost in twenty-four hours. A stout lady, due to attend a garden party, say, in a week's time, would show most perceptibly that she had reduced her weight, for when under Mr. Russell's treatment in particular, the medicine first attacks the parts which are most prominently obese, and she would appear considerably attenuated without the aid of the dressmaker. Many ladies ruin their constitutions by living in a state of semi-starvation to keep their weight down. There is not the slightest necessity, for Mr. Russell, the author of the well-known work, "Corpulency and the Cure," frequently finds that the person eats more, although perhaps losing from 2 lb. to 4 lb. a week; and the decoction, which is absolutely harmless, is a most pleasant, refreshing drink. As this paragraph

may have interested lady readers, the address of the publishers of the little book, which only costs six stamps, may be given here. It is "Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C." This book is most interesting and useful.—From *Midland Daily Telegraph*, Aug. 12, 1893.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR CORPULENCE.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure," and is a cheap issue (only 6d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The Editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more, if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a Marchioness, writes from Madrid: 'My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos—i.e., 34 lb.' Another writes: 'So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight.' The next (a lady) writes: 'I am just half the size.' A fourth: 'I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8 lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks).' Another writes: 'A reduction of 18 lb. in a month is a great success.' A lady from Bournemouth writes: 'I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about.' Again, a lady says: 'It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over.' The author is very positive. He says: 'Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2 lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations.'—*Cork Herald*, Aug. 27, 1892.



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